FINDING GOD IN BOOKS

WILLIAM L. STIDGER

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Finding God in books

FINDING GOD IN BOOKS

WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

THAT GOD'S HOUSE MAY BE FILLED
HENRY FORD: THE MAN AND HIS MOTIVES
ADVENTURES IN HUMANITY
THE PLACE OF BOOKS IN THE LIFE WE LIVE
THERE ARE SERMONS IN BOOKS
FLASHLIGHTS FROM THE SEVEN SEAS
STANDING ROOM ONLY
SYMPHONIC SERMONS

NEW YORK: GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

FINDING GOD IN BOOKS

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BY
WILLIAM L. STIDGER, D.D.

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FINDING GOD IN BOOKS
— A —
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

BISHOP WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE

INTRODUCTION

Letters pour in saying: "Give us some more Dramatic Book Sermons."

The editor of the *Homiletic Review*, *The Expositor*, *Church Management* and other magazines for ministers have forwarded these letters to me. When I have addressed preacher groups in Summer Schools, District Meetings and Annual Conferences they say: "Give us some more of your Dramatic Book Sermons and tell us how you write them."

My answer to these requests was to publish the first book of Dramatic Book Sermons under the title, "There Are Sermons in Books." Additional requests came in for Dramatic Book Sermons, and I put several of these sermons, in the last section of my book, "That God's House May Be Filled."

But every week my mail brings urgent requests for more Dramatic Book Sermons. Hence this volume.

A recent letter says: "Give us a book of your Dramatic Book Sermons, in which you put what you feel are the sermons that have made the deep-

est heart and emotional impression on your audiences, of all those you have preached."

This is what I have tried to do in the following pages.

I have not tried to select all new books. This is for the reason that I think that the books which I have selected have such tremendous spiritual messages that preachers ought not to let them die. They ought to live like Ian MacLaren's, "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

I have tried to select a variety of types of books for these sermons.

I am often asked if I feel that a novel lends itself more readily to a "Dramatic Book Sermon" background. I am free to say that I have had the most success with books of a more serious nature, and not with novels. However, some novels offer the most glorious settings for spiritual teachings when linked up with the Bible and with a text.

The first two Dramatic Book Sermons in this volume deal with narrative poems, "The Hell Hounds," written by John Masefield, and published by the Macmillan Company; and "Watchers of the Sky," written by Alfred Noyes, and published by F. A. Stokes Company. These two narrative poems illustrate how great spiritual truths may be taught, intensified, personified, and made real through this new homiletical method

of the Dramatic Book Sermon. The old truths are made to walk, and talk, and live anew in vivid reality through these great poems, and I am grateful to the authors and publishers for permission to quote from them.

In the second section of the book I have used six novels:

"The Face of the World" by John Bojer, Moffatt, Yard and Co.

"The Dawn of a Tomorrow," Frances Hodgson Burnett, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot," Alfred Sheppard, Allen and Unwin.

"In the Heart of a Fool," William Allen White, Macmillan Company.

"The Woman of Knockaloe," Hall Caine, Dodd, Mead & Company.

"The Mountain School Teacher," Melville D. Post, D. Appleton & Company.

In the third section of this book, I have one Dramatic Book Sermon based on a drama, that of John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" published by Houghton Mifflin Company. This is a fertile field. I use what I call "Drama Sermons" every year. The alert preacher is wise who gets such purposeful plays as "The Miracle," "Outward Bound," "R. U. R.," "Loyalties," "Saint Joan," and "The Wonderful Visit," and takes them into his pulpit. He makes his own preaching minis-

try live and glow with real human beings who walk up and down his pulpit platform, in dialogue and dramatic scene, teaching their lessons, and giving their spiritual impetus. I have given illustrations of these Drama Sermons in my other books and I select only one for this book, in order to illustrate exactly what may be done with it.

In the fourth section of the volume I have given the Dramatic Book Sermons which are based on books that are neither novels, narrative poems, nor dramas, but books of a more serious social, political or religious nature. There have been more of the so-called deeper books, books dealing with the great problems of life, published since the war than in any other period of history. The people read these books. They prefer them. I have also found out that they really prefer a Dramatic Book Sermon founded on the more serious type of books. I have also discovered that I get better results from this type of book. Perhaps the following illustrations will explain the reasons why I get better results with the more serious type of purposeful book. In this group I have used both the more recent publications and those of the last three years:

"The Revolt Against Civilization," Lothrop Stoddard, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Twice Thirty," Edward Bok, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Discovery of God," Basil King, The Cosmopolitan Book Company.

"Woodrow Wilson," William Allen White, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"Mutual Aid," P. Kropotkin, Alfred A. Knopf.

This wide variety of illustrations will serve to demonstrate in a practical way the method of writing and use of the Dramatic Book Sermon. For five years, every Sunday evening, with few exceptions, this has been the sermon vehicle at St. Mark's. The "Symphonic Sermon Theme" is the method in use for the morning service.

The great problem of every preacher is to get variety into his homiletics. Bishop Quayle used to say that the unforgivable sin of the preacher was to be uninteresting. Variety will save him from that sin and blunder. The Dramatic Book Sermon adds one additional variety to his sermonizing.

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FINDING GOD IN BOOKS

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Chapter I

The Hell-Hounds

JOHN MASEFIELD

Text: *Romans* 8:31: "If God be for us who can be against us?"

Sin is weak. Sin is not unconquerable.

The Power of Sin is often a Bugaboo to frighten the weak.

Unmask Sin and always we find a coward at heart.

Sin casts a cloud of horror about it, like a certain kind of fish which throws about itself a cloud of blackness. But at heart sin is a craven, cowering coward.

The good man is fearless. It is the old Tennysonian thought:

> "My strength is as the strength of ten
> Because my heart is pure!"

The man who has sin in his soul is weak; the man who has purity is strong. The man who sins is a coward at heart; the man who has Christ in his soul is fearless. Sin makes a man a coward; Christ makes him a giant of fearlessness.

This great Poem-Sermon is written to set forth this thesis; and fascinatingly is that end accomplished.

We see a good man set out to conquer Sin. He has many baffling experiences. At times he weakens, but finally he conquers Sin, unmasks Sin, and finds Sin a weak and sickly woman.

It is a preacher's poem.

Masefield admits that it is the preacher and the church that "Keeps the soul of the world alive."

In the following lines Masefield admits that the preacher and the church are "Guardians of the souls of men":

> "And in men's minds a fear began
> That hell had over-hurled
> The guardians of the souls of men
> And come to rule the world."

The "Hounds of Hell" are Sin Hounds. Just as Thompson used the figure of "The Hounds of Heaven" as symbolic of the wistful, eager pursuing of Jesus after human souls whom He would win to His heart of love: so Masefield here in

this poem uses the figure of the "Hounds of Hell" as symbolic of those innumerable, white-fanged, red-lipped sins that pursue men and women, terrorizing them.

But the glory of the poem is this: that Masefield sees clearly that all the hosts of hell cannot prevail against one who has allied himself on the side of right. In this tremendous poem the English writer has made us see that, after all, Sin is helpless and hopeless against that thing inside of a human soul which is God:

" 'Open the doors, good saint,' they cried,
"Pass deeper to your soul;
There is a spirit in your side
That hell cannot control.' "

He even goes so far as to declare that Sin is after all "silly" in its final analysis; that it is silly in its lack of power:

" 'Open the doors to let him in,
That beauty with the sword;
The hounds are silly shapes of sin,
They shrivel at a word."

The Sin That Terrorizes

The Hounds of Hell represent the sin in the world. Sin terrorizes all the countryside.

" 'What hounds are these, that haunt the night?'
The shepherds asked in fear;

'Look, there are calkins clinking bright;
They must be coming here.' "

When daylight came they found that the Hell Hounds had slaughtered all night long; sparing neither animals nor men. The Hounds were ruthless as Sin always is. The innocent suffer as well as the guilty. Sin is no respecter of persons. One of the terrible things about Sin is that generation after generation suffers. Blasco Ibañez gives a vivid illustration of this in "Mare Nostrum" where he shows the old Sea Captain carrying ammunition for the German submarines in his little ship because he loves the German woman spy; loves her in sin; faithless to his own country; sinning in disloyalty as he knows. Then one night he sees the very submarine that he has furnished ammunition for, sink a ship and in a flash of light sees his own son go down in that wreck. Sin is always like that. It makes the innocent to suffer. So it is with the Hounds of Hell:

"When daylight drove away the dark
The larks went up and thrilled,
The shepherds climbed the wold to mark
What beasts the hounds had killed.

They came to where the hounds had fed,
And in that trampled place
They found a peddler lying dead
With horror in his face."

What is a crime wave in a city?

The answer is: "The Hounds of Hell are loose."

Then the poem tells of a farmer who had a thousand sheep and one night he heard the Hell Hounds baying and in the morning his sheep were all dead at the bottom of a steep cliff:

"And the thundering of a thousand sheep
All mad and running wild
To the stone-pit seven fathoms deep,
Whence all the town is tiled.

After them came the hounds of hell
With hell's own fury filled;
Into the pit the wethers fell
And all but three were killed."

A third tragedy is set forth in this fascinating narrative poem, that of the murder of a shepherd:

"Then presently a cry rang out,
And a mort blew for the kill:
A shepherd with his throat torn out
Lay dead upon the hill."

These three tragedies so terrorized the people that they were afraid any longer to go out at nights.

"The men who lived upon the moor
Would waken to the scratch

Of Hounds' claws digging at the door
Or scraping at the latch.

And presently no man would go
Without doors after dark,
Lest hell's black hunting horn should blow,
And hell's black bloodhounds mark."

Then came the inevitable conclusion of men that Hell had conquered Heaven and that Evil had overmastered good; and that the Devil had vanquished God:

"And in men's minds a fear began
That Hell had over-hurled
The guardians of the soul of man
And come to rule the world."

Then Came the Preacher, The Church and the Christ

The "Guardians of the soul of man" were not overthrown. They never are. It looked so when the "Big Drive" began. The Germans, six deep, in waves, had driven the English back to the Channel ports. They were within an hour's ride of Paris. It looked black. But "The Guardians of the soul of man" were still on the job.

"Though ten thousand are encamped against thee, no harm shall come nigh thee."

"If God be for us, who can be against us?" might have been the text for Masefield's new poem.

Salvation came, in the form of a new Sir Galahad Preacher Saint. How many times in the world's history Preacher Saints have come to kill the Hounds of Hell. At what a needful hour John Wesley stepped into the life of England to save her from the Hounds of Hell. At what a tremendous epoch the Preachers stepped into our own national life and drove back the Hounds of Hell which we call the Liquor Interests; and are still keeping them at bay in Law Enforcement. So it has ever been.

"St. Withiel lived upon the moor
Where the peat-men live in holes;
He worked among the peat-men poor,
Who only have their souls.

He brought them nothing but his love
And the will to do them good,
But power filled him from above,
His every touch was food.

Then one whose son the hounds had killed
Told him the tale at length;
St. Withiel pondered why God willed
That hell should have such strength."

How many among those of us who have set aside our lives to fight evil have not felt at times that "God had willed that hell should have such strength"?

"Then one, a passing traveler told
How since the Hounds had come,
The church was empty in the wold,
And all the priests were dumb."

Moved with righteous wrath this good man declared that he would not be driven into terror by sin.

"St. Withiel rose at this, and said,
'This priest will not be dumb;
My spirit will not be afraid
Though all hell's devils come.' "

The Struggle with Sin

Then the struggle with Sin began. It was terrific while it lasted. If the Saint had only known what he should have known when he started out; and that was that Sin is always weak with the weakness of a consciousness of wrong; his battle might not have been so hard. Margaret Cameron in "The Seven Purposes" says, "All pure purpose is fearless," and it was in this pure purpose that the Saint started out.

But then his purpose weakened and he became struck with terror as he saw the Hounds of Hell pass by in the night:

"A terror came upon the saint,
It stripped his spirit bare;
He was sick body standing faint,
Cold sweat and stiffened hair."

Then the writer tells us of the joy that was in the heart of evil over having terrorized the representative of Good and God. In a figure similar to that which he uses in "The Everlasting Mercy" following Saul Kane's midnight debauch, the poet speaks:

"Then close at hand the horn was loud,
Like Peter's cock of old,
For joy that Peter's soul was cowed,
And Jesus' body sold."

So it always is when we weaken who are eternally pledged to "Keep the soul of the world alive." There is hilarious, shouting, bellowing, howling, fiendish joy in the haunts of the Hounds of Hell.

"And as St. Withiel's terror grew,
The crying of the pack
Bayed nearer, as though terror drew
Those grip teeth to his back.

His legs seem bound as in a dream,
The wet earth held his feet,
He screamed aloud as rabbits scream
Before the stoat's teeth meet."

He ran in terror and as he ran:

"A black thing struck him on the brow,
A blackness loomed and saved;
It was a tree. He caught a bow
And scrambled up it, saved."

Many a good man has been treed by Sin. And many a good Preacher has found himself in the ridiculous position of chagrin and shame that the good Saint found himself in. To say the least, being up a tree, is not a dignified position for a "Guardian of the Souls of Men."

He Used a Tree to Hide

Shame overcame him as he haunched in a crook of the tree up which he had clambered in terror from the Hounds of Hell. And then:

"He clambered down the saving tree;
'I am unclean!' he cried,
'Christ died upon a tree for me,
I used a tree to hide.' "

Then Masefield pictures a vivid scene. It is that of Jesus on the Cross of Calvary with the Hell Hounds baying about Him and leaping at His throat with spears and thorns and hate in their souls:

" 'The hell hounds bayed about the cross,
And tore his clothes apart,
But Christ was gold and I am dross,
And mud is in my heart.' "

There is suggested in the above quatrain a whole book of prose. One finds in these four lines of Dr. Hunter's "Why We Christians Fail."

We fail because we are not willing to take the cross and suffer unto death as Christ did. Would that we all could at least see as did this good Saint; would that we all could be made to know that we are "Mud" and "Dross." Would we could stand, as he, in anguish over our weakness instead of having a feeling of such self-complacency over our failings as Christians:

"He stood in anguish in the field;
A little wind blew by,
The dead leaves dropped, the great stars wheeled
Their squadrons in the sky."

The Secret of Christian Courage Comes

With a mighty resolve to conquer his cowardice and let Christian courage take complete possession of his cringing soul the Saint leaps from the tree to the ground with a cry:

" 'Lord, I will try again,' he said,
'Though all hell's devils tear.
This time I will not be afraid
And what is sent I'll dare.' "

Then the birds of the forest came to tell him the secret of conquering the Hounds of Hell. It was a simple thing as such secrets always are. It was merely the secret of using that which is within the soul of any good man:

"And as the saint drew near, he heard
The birds talk, each to each,
The fire-bird to the glory-bird;
He understood their speech.

One said, 'The saint was terrified
Because the hunters came.'
Another said, 'The bloodhounds cried
And all their eyes were flame.'

Another said, 'No shame to him,
For mortal men are blind,
They cannot see beyond the grim
Into the peace behind.'

Another said, 'They cannot know,
Unless we give the clue,
The power that waits in them below
The thing they are to do.'

Another sang, 'They never guess
That deep within them stand
Courage and peace and loveliness,
Wisdom and skill of hand.' "

Then after making all excuse for this good Saint, they sang him the secret:

" 'Open the doors, good saint,' they cried,
Pass deeper to your soul;
There is a spirit in your side
That hell cannot control!' "

Those four lines ought to stand all alone for sake of emphasis for they are freighted with

significance like our transports crossing the Atlantic during war times; freighted to their last capacity:

" 'There is a spirit in your side
Which hell cannot control!' "

And then the birds continue:

" 'Open the doors to let him in,
That beauty with the sword;
The hounds are silly shapes of sin,
They shrivel at a word.' "

The strength of Sin is often over-estimated. It was so with the German tradition and hallucination and bugaboo. No sane man would underestimate, even in retrospect, the strength of forty years of preparation, but the fact remains that in spirit the Germans were not so terrible as the peace loving Americans.

"We can kill you Americans, but we cannot stop you!" a German officer said. "It bewildered us to see the Americans coming on and on and on, just as if we were not mowing them down in rows. We can kill them but we cannot stop them!"

It was because we Americans had "Opened the doors and let Him in"

" 'That beauty with the sword;"

And when we did, we found that:

" 'Hounds are silly shapes of sin
They shrivel at a word.' "

Sing for the Setting Free of Men!

When the good Saint in Masefield's new poem found the strength that was from within his own soul, he lost all fear and went out after Sin in the form of the Hounds of Hell fearlessly and ruthlessly. Finally, he cornered them and talked straight to their cringing souls:

"St. Withiel let the hell-hounds rave.
He cried, 'Now in this place,
Climb down, you huntsmen of the grave,
And let me see your face!

Climb down, your huntsmen out of hell,
And show me what you are.
The judge was stricken on the bell,
Now answer at the bar!

Show me. 'What are you?' said the saint.
A hollow murmur spoke.
'This Lord,' it said; a hand moved faint
And drew aside the cloak!

A Woman Death, that palsy shook
Stood sick and dwindling there;
Her fingers were a bony crook
And blood was on her hair."

And so it is that most frequently we find that Sin hides behind the robes of weakness. Terror

is without, but cowardice is within, when the outer cloak is torn aside. Sin is always a coward. And "Pure Purpose is fearless!"

" 'Stretch out your hands and sign the Cross'
Was all St. Withiel said,
The bloodhounds moaned upon the moss,
The Woman Death obeyed.

Whimpering with pain, she made the sign,
'Go! Devil Hag!' said he,
'Beyond all help of bread and wine,
Beyond all land and sea.' "

It was God's triumph over Satan; it was Good's triumph over Evil; it was Right's triumph over Wrong; that Masefield set down for us in the "Hounds of Hell." And no wonder there was rejoicing in the world. It reminds one of the rejoicing in "The Everlasting Mercy" when Saul Kane was converted:

"The cock, that scares the ghost from earth,
Crowed as they dwindled down;
The red sun happy in its birth,
Strode up above the town.

Sweetly above the sunny wold
The bells of churches rang;
The sheep-bells clinked within the fold,
And the larks went up and sang.

Sang for the setting free of men
From devils that destroyed.

The lark, the robin, and the wren,
They joyed and over-joyed.

Till round the saint the singing made
A beauty in the air,
An ecstasy that cannot fade
But is forever there."

And so we find in this great narrative poem-sermon that if we but "Pass deeper to our souls" and find the God that is there, we have all the weapons that we need to slay Sin forever and a day. Those who have learned the great spiritual secret of strength are never made afraid of Sin. The little birds saved the Priest from this fate.

When we learn to "pass deeper to our souls" we will find that God is there, and, "If God be for us who can be against us?"

Chapter II

Watchers of the Sky

ALFRED NOYES

Alfred Noyes is always spiritual.

But in "Watchers of the Sky" he is Prophetic. Not only that, but he is a Seer and a Historian. For, in addition to the inspirational value of "Watchers of the Sky," the first in a series of three narrative poems called, "The Torch Bearers" he gives us an actual running history of the great astronomers: Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Herschel—down to the modern men of the stars. It is not my place here to deal with star facts but with spiritual visions and teachings as set forth in this great book.

The text that best fits such a dramatic Book Sermon is that to which Noyes refers in the last lines of his poem:

> "When I consider thy Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon, and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is Man that Thou are mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

It is an expanding universe in which we are living these days. A while ago we were taught to believe that this Solar System in which we live with our sun at its center was the biggest thing in the Universe, but recently we have discovered that we are the center of the Stellar System and that we of the Solar System are but a speck of dust. Our sun which we used to think was king of the skies is but a small and ordinary star, perhaps, an insignificant one as "The Outline of Science" says. There are many stars enormously greater than our sun. One such that we know, Betelgeuse, has recently been measured, and its diameter is more than 300 times that of the sun.

No wonder the Psalmist sang as he did; and yet when we consider the fact that he knew very little about the immensity of the stars and about the mind of the Supreme Architect of the Stellar Universe; when we consider that the Psalmist did not even know of the existence of a stellar system at all, how much more ought we of this day and age, to whom the Torch Bearers have handed down this accumulated information cry out:

"When I consider thy heavens!"

Jesus Christ knew nothing of the earth but Rome, Judea and Egypt. We know a much larger world than Christ knew.

The Psalmist knew but a few scattered stars

and constellations. Moses knew little of the earth save Egypt and the Holy Land.

Any child knows more today about the great earth than Jesus or Moses or Isaiah or the Psalmist David knew in his day. How much more ought our hearts to be humbled in the presence of the eternal God of it all?

First: In this Poem we hear THE ETERNAL VOICES:

Alfred Noyes has been taken to the top of Mt. Wilson in Southern California and looked down upon the beautiful orange fruited valley and the far spread Pacific, and then up into the æon flung stellar world, and as he himself says:

"And on the lonely height I heard
Eternal voices!"

That is what we all need: To hear the Eternal Voices. We need, as Lorado Taft says, to get "The hint of eternity back into our souls."

Later in the poem Noyes hears the eternal music of the "Winds before the dawn" when "The morning stars sing together" and he cries out of his great soul:

"We are like men that hear
Disjointed notes of some supernal choir."

How like God's way of working it is! We see but a little of His universe and we see but a little

of His plans. If we could see the whole we would understand many things that seem baffling to us now. Just as I have said nine times before: If a human being could have looked upon the universe when the carbon forests were toppling over into chaos and decay a million æons ago, that human, with his tiny judgment would have said that God was a wasteful fool. But now we see that God was storing up oil and coal and light and power for His children. He was working for the centuries.

And so the astronomers have gathered up fragments of truth; they have caught snatches of that supernal music. But even those snatches and fragments have made them know that they have been listening to something from the Symphonies of the Eternities with God as the Conductor.

But these voices are not only external; they are internal also. If this poem teaches anything it teaches us that the eternal voices are sounding within our own souls as well as outside of us amid the stars. It is Goethe's "Inner Earnestness" that Noyes speaks of when he tells us in this poem of the Inner voices of God:

"To vision of that one Power which guides the world.
How should man find it? Only thru those doors
Which, opening inward, in each separate soul

Give each man access to that Soul of all
Living within each life, not to be found
Or known, till, looking inward, each alone
Meets the unknowable and eternal God!"

And none is so humble that he may not enter this Inner Circle and hear this inner music of eternity as well as the great music supernal that sings in the stars above. Noyes has even Jeppe, the dwarf, servant of a Star Saint, hear this inner voice eternal and says of this:

"Our universe hath no center,
Our shadowy earth and fleeting heavens no stay,
But that deep inward realm which each can enter;
Even Jeppe, the dwarf, by his own secret way."

What a thrill there is to that picture and that open door to the music Hall of God and Eternity. We do not need scientifically to know the stars like the Astronomer Torch-Bearers for even we Jeppes may have access to that Inner Voice and:

"Though a mortal, know immortal laws."

The Eternal voices are not hid from us. We too are torch-bearers, if we hear the voices. They are out there in the Stellar Universe where the "Morning stars sing together"; and they are within our own souls; these Inner Voices, if we will

but listen to them; the Voices of God; the Eternal Voices that sound through all souls and through all years.

There's Magic Everywhere in God's World

The men of his day called Tycho Brahe, one of the great Torch-Bearers and Watchers of the Sky, a magician. We are prone to do that with all of our inventors, discoverers, prophets, poets and sages. If we are not able to see as they see we think the things do not exist. If our eyes are holden and we cannot see the magic in a sunset; and the splashing colors as the artist sees them we think that they do not exist. That is life. That is human. We are prone to that.

But Noyes says:

"There's magic all around us
In rocks, and trees, and in the minds of men,
Deep hidden springs of magic:
He that strikes
The rock aright, may find them where he will."

Thank God for that great insight into life and humanity. Thank God for a man who knows that life is full of magic. Out of some magic soul and mind came this wizard thing we call the radio. If that isn't magic what is? Out of some magic mind came this thing that we call the airplane. Out of some mind came the glider.

Out of some mind came the steam engine, the gas engine, the great poems, the great symphonies, the great dramas, the great Psalms, the great Prophecies. That is surely magic. Yes, Noyes, thank God, you have made us see that there's "Magic Everywhere."

There's magic in a child's soul; there's magic in the soul of Youth and there's greater magic yet to be as Sam Walter Fess says:

"There are large, heroic fellows
Making music hereabout
And large, heroic men are yet to be;
Strong as iron in the mountains,
Clean as saltness in the sea.
There was workmanship put in it
And the world was made to last
And it wears as well today as hitherto.
And the large, heroic fellows
That it made there in the past
It shall watch, and overtop them with the new!"

Yes, there's magic in God's world and in God's children, and in God's men.

In Ernest Poole's "Beggar's Gold" we see a shabbily dressed boy walking down the street just after he has discovered that there is love on earth and he looks down at his shabby clothes and says aloud to himself:

"I may look like a boarding house, but, by God, I've got a China inside of me!"

Yes, there's magic in trees; the magic of sap and leaf and blossom in springtime; the magic of apple and cherry and plum in the fall; and the magic of bare limbs and æolian harps in winter time; and the magic of snow clad beauty when the flakes fall in their immaculate whiteness.

There's magic in rocks, in white and crimson and yellow and sky blue rocks; there's magic in rocks that rise a sheer three thousand and more feet into the sky, like the sentinel El Capitan; there's magic in the rocks and cliffs over which great Niagara tumbles, rocks that fight the onrushing waters and hold them back for æons; there's magic in rocks that are the treasuries of gold and silver and diamonds. Yes there's magic everywhere to the discerning eye.

There's magic in a sunset and a dawn; there's magic in a starlit night; a summer moon and a winter twilight. There's magic in a child's voice and in a mother's croon. There's magic in a wind-blown weed as Luther Burbank has discovered; and in an outcast Cactus.

There's magic and power in a waterfall; there's magic in the lightning as Franklin learned long ago.

There's magic in steel, and iron, and rubber and coal; there's magic in a violin and in the organ reeds, and in the winter winds.

There's magic in a bird's song and in a canyon's voice.

And this magic in the earth always leads us like a magnet up to God Himself as Noyes shows us in the magic of the tides; when he speaks in two lines of:

"The sea's white shepherdess, the moon
Shall lead us into Harbor soon."

As the moon leads the tides, so God leads us into the Harbor of his love. That is the supreme and the eternal magic.

And Masefield sings the same refrain in "The Everlasting Mercy":

"The water's going out to sea;
There's a great moon calling me;
And there's a great sun calls the moon;
And all God's bells will carol soon
With joy, and glory and delight
Of some one coming home tonight."

Yes, there's magic in the world; the Magic of human minds and the Magic of God's tug at our hearts. That is eternal magic!

Climbing the Cliffs of God

Noyes has one of his great Watchers of the Sky climb and climb until he feels that he is on the very verge of eternity; climb until he feels

that he is about to look into the blinding countenance of God Himself and then he draws back as one draws back from a volcano's crater as he lies on his stomach looking down into its blazing depths, and feels as if he is looking into Eternity:

"We are on the verge of great discoveries.
I feel them as the dreamer feels the dawn
Before his eyes are opened!"

This Watcher of the Sky feels these great discoveries as a dreamer feels the dawn; as we feel the nearness of God at immortal times.

He has dug footholds; and others before him; these great watchers of the skies and stars; these great astronomers of all times; they have laboriously digged these steps in the granite cliffs to climb to God. Many of the watchers have climbed out a little way, though they have left footholds for others to follow, and they have cried as they have digged these steps:

"Ours the delight of giving, the deep joy
Of laboring, on the cliff's face, all night long,
Cutting the foot-holes in the solid rock!"

That is the supreme sacrifice, that of cutting foot-holes on the cliffs so that others may find it easier to climb the cliff to God. Laughing as you cut and climb; and, like a true pioneer fall, at last to the foot of the cliff to be buried beneath

the black leaves; but conscious as these great astronomers were that you have handed on the torch; that you have made it easier for others; that you have carved the footholes higher along the cliffs to God.

Thinking the Thoughts of God after Him

That is the supreme teaching of this spiritual poem.

That is a heartening thing; that we may think the thoughts of God after Him.

One of the Watchers of the Sky is surveying all that astronomy has discovered:

"First, how the speed of planets around the sun
Bears a proportion, beautifully precise
As music, to their silver distances;
Next, that although they seem to swerve aside
From these plain circles of old Copernicus
Their paths were not less rhythmical and exact
But followed always that most exquisite curve
In its most perfect form, the pure ellipse;
Third, that although their speed from point to point
Appeared to change, their radii always moved
Thru equal fields at space in equal times."

These three things thrilled this Watcher of the Sky, John Kepler, and he exclaimed, as he heard this great music of the sphere, this perfect harmony:

"My whole soul bowed and cried, 'ALMIGHTY GOD, THESE ARE THY THOUGHTS; I AM THINKING AFTER THEE!' "

And in that great section on Galilee, the poet says that these great Watchers of the Sky, not only think God's thoughts after Him, but they have:

"The password of Eternity!"

Thank God for the real Password to Eternity.

"We have an advocate with the Father," the Bible tells us. *Our* "Watcher of the Sky," our counselor, our attorney, our advocate is Christ Jesus.

We, like blindfolded folk, go stumbling through life and the Christ is our guide and He goes to the Father for us. And He cries out for us, and He suffers for us, and He dies on Calvary for us.

And when he goes to the great Supreme Master for us and makes a plea for us, "with groanings that cannot be uttered," the Supreme Father says: "Has he the Password?" "Has this man the magic password? Has this humanity that begs at the gates that he may know more of God the password?"

And Jesus the Christ answers: "He has it not; but I have it for him."

That is the "Gospel," that is the "Good News."

"He has it not, but I have it for him."

Shout it aloud to the hilltops. "He has it not, but I have it for him!"

"What is the magic word; the password?"

"I dare not speak it aloud."

"Then whisper it to me or spell it for me."

Then the guide approaches the Father on his Throne, his great white throne, and bends his lips to the ear of God and whispers, "The Cross, The Cross of Calvary!" "That is the password that I have for man."

"Come enter in!" the Father cries. "That is the Password!"

Chapter III

The Face of the World

JOHAN BOJER

Text: *Mark* 16:15: "Go ye into all the world."

There are certain types of men who have "The Face of the World" in their dreams.

"The Face of the World" haunts some men like a ghost. They see it in their waking hours; in their dreams; in their reading and thinking. Ofttimes to such a man, as he reads a book, some far off world island will take the place of the lines in the book. He cannot get away from that brooding, haunting dream.

When spring comes the rivers call certain men and they will leave wife, home, children, work, play—everything, to take to the rivers and the roads and the trails of the mountains and the pathways of the sea. There is something absolutely irresistible about that call. It tugs like a giant chain.

Robert Service has sung this song for us wanderers:

"I knew it would call, soon or late, as it calls
the whirring wings;
It's the olden lure, the golden lure; it's the lure
of the timeless things,
And tonight, Oh God, of the trails untrod, how
it whines in my heart-strings!"

And again he sings this haunting lure for us in "The Spell of the Yukon":

"I wanted the gold and I sought it;
I scrabbled and mucked like a slave.
Was it famine or scurvy I fought it;
I hurled my youth into a grave.
I wanted the gold and I got it—
Came out with a fortune last fall,—
Yet somehow life's not what I thought,
And somehow the gold isn't all."

No it is not gold that puts the "Face of the World" in a man's dreams. It is something bigger than gold and finer also, thank God!

Service gives an inkling of something finer than gold:

"No! There's the land. (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest land that I know,
From the big dizzy mountains that screen it
To the deep deathlike valleys below.
Some say God was tired when He made it,
Some say it's a fine land to shun;
Maybe; but there's some as would trade it
For no land on earth—and I'm one."

Or perhaps it's the summer that puts the "Face of the World" in a man's dreams. Certainly one verse of Service's "Spell of the Yukon" would put that land in a man's dreams:

"The summer—no sweeter was ever;
The sunshiny woods all athrill;
The grayling aleap in the river,
The bighorn asleep on the hill.
The strong life that never knows harness
The wilds where the caribou call;
The freedom, the freshness, the farness—
Oh God! How I'm stuck on it all."

Or perhaps the nights have put that lure for the world in a man's soul; the nights of some beautiful land. I know what tropical nights are. I know what it means to sit on the deck of a ship crossing the South China Sea and watch the continuous tropical lightnings play from twilight to midnight as if far beyond the curtains of the sky some tremendous storm were raging. I know what it means to sit on the Luneta in Manila night after night and watch the most glorious sunsets that God ever splashed over the canvas of the tropical west. I know what it means to watch the graceful form of the Southern Cross swing from horizon to the zenith over fair and beautiful Java. I know the lure of Tahiti. I feel it now as I write. It too is whining in my heart-strings:

"I have stood in some mighty mouthed hollow
That's plumbfull of hush to the brim;
I've watched the big husky sun wallow
In crimson and gold and grow dim.
'Till the moon set the pearly peaks gleaming,
And the stars tumbled out neck and crop;
And I thought that I surely was dreaming,
With the peace of the world piled on top."

But even Service finds a deeper reason for having "The Face of the World" in his dreams than the gold, or the sunsets or the stars:

"There's gold, and it's haunting and haunting;
It's luring me on as of old;
Yet it isn't the gold that I'm wanting
So much as just finding the gold.
It's the great big, broad land 'way up yonder,
It's the forests where silence has lease;
It's the beauty that thrills me with wonder
It's the stillness that fills me with peace."

Alexander too had "The Face of the World" in his dreams; as had Napoleon; and as had the Kaiser; but they had that world in their dreams of selfish conquest of the world for personal glory; conquest for power and not a world-dream for the good of humanity. These have, in their day, come and gone like summer winds; like dried up streams; like withering flowers; like blazing comets which consume themselves in the white

passion of their utter selfishness. They shall soon be forgotten.

But there was one who came once; and he lives today like a great light, a great flame of love and passion. He came and He had "The Face of the World" in His dreams. And His dreams were that all the world should be lifted to a higher plane of living; that all the world should have the more "Abundant Life"; that all the blind of the world should be made to see; that all the lame should walk; that all the deaf should hear; that all the lepers of the world should be cleansed; that all the slaves should be free; that all the hopeless should be filled with a great and burning hope; that all the vile should be made clean; that all the unkind should be made kind; that all the sorrowing should be filled with laughter and sunshine; that all the dark places of the world should be flooded with holy light; that all the deserts of the world should be made to blossom as the rose. This man was Jesus the Christ. He too had "The Face of the World" in his great soul. He could not be rid of it. It haunted him to the end, and at the last he gave his great challenging admonition and command that those who followed him should forever have "The Face of the World" in their souls and that they should "Go unto all the world."

The Haunting Face of the World

In Bojer's great novel "The Face of the World" the leading character, Harold Mark, had this dream in his soul and he could not be rid of it. It haunted him like a ghost day and night.

He is described by the vivid pen of the author in these lines:

"Harold Mark seemed to have grown bigger and stouter, and he swayed from side to side as he walked. His fair beard made him look older, and his once so alert eyes had acquired a far-seeing expression that reminded one of auroras and snow-fields."

Thank God for the man who has a look in his eyes as if he were seeing auroras, and snow fields, sunsets, and stars, dawns and destiny; spring-time coming from afar; and far faces of unknown lands. That man truly has vision in his soul.

I know a man who remembers when his horizon was bounded by the West Virginia Hills and beyond them he could not see. Then he went to Wheeling from the little town of Moundsville and his horizons were widened greatly. In Wheeling he heard of a great manufacturing city called Pittsburgh and before long he had gone to Pittsburgh. Then he heard of an ocean not far from a town called Boston, and before he knew

it, he had looked upon the great and seemingly boundless ocean. Then he heard of a Pacific and he saw the horizons pushed back as he crossed a continent to get to that Pacific, and when he got to the waters of that sundown sea he wanted to go further, and he went, and before long he had been thirty-five days upon the sea paths of that great continent of water and suddenly he was looking at the Southern Cross one night and it was summer there and it was winter at home. Then one solemn, trembling night he felt the equator scrape the bottom of a southbound ship, and he knew that he was beyond his dreams sailing on, and on, and on. And since then he knows what it means to have the feel of tropical sunsets in his soul and to have a wistful look in his face when he thinks of other seas, and other lands, and other folks, and a great sense of the brotherhood of human kinds sweeps over his soul forever to abide.

The first real jar that came into Harold Mark's life was when he discovered that a little doll-like bit of a woman to whom he was married did not have the world in her dreams. She was contented with a little world. It puzzled him and one evening in impatience he said to her:

"You women are strange."

Her head came forward suddenly into the

lamplight. "What? What did you say about us women?"

"Well, you're contented with such an awful little bit of the world. That's all." He lighted his pipe and the flame of the match flickered over his face.

That was the first time that Harold Mark discovered that all people did not have the dream of the world in their blood. It came as a great shock to his soul. That there were people in the world who were contented to live their little lives in a small circle and not care about the rest of the world seemed suddenly to stop the beating of his heart.

The two of them, this young girl and he, were in school in Paris. He was studying medicine and surgery. One day in a class his Professor said something that thrilled his soul for it was just what he had been dreaming in his heart.

"The unsolved problems of the world weigh like a nightmare upon the human mind, and it will be the duty of you young scientists to shake it off!"

With this dream in his soul one night he went home and found that his girl-wife had prepared a dinner for him and had planned that he should stay in all evening in spite of the fact that he had himself planned to attend a lecture in Paris that was intended to discuss the wretched condition

of the Jews in Russia. In pitiable anger his young wife cried out petulantly:

"I don't think you ought to be so taken up with those dirty Jews somewhere in Russia as to quite forget me!"

On all sides he found the pressure bearing in on him to live in a little world and forget that great dream in his heart. His wife, his friends, his own social groups; his pleasures, his physical comforts, his routine, all seemed pressing in on him to drive the "Face of the World" from his soul. The pressure was becoming unbearable. He was afraid that it would finally kill his soul. The struggle was intense.

One night after he had left Paris and had settled down to a common medical practice in a little Norwegian village he had been working hard all day and was weary in body and soul. The hard practice was wearing him out but still that world dream was in his heart. On this night he paced up and down his room. As he looked out of the window of his meager room he saw nothing but hideous housetops. He thought of Paris. At least there were beautiful temples there and art galleries and friends. Here nothing but housetops, hideous and monotonous.

"But what am I here for exactly?"

He suddenly flung this question at his own

soul. It is a good question to fling at your soul now and then. "What am I here for exactly?"

Dr. Goddell tells the story in his "Pastoral and Personal Evangelism" of Alexander, the singing mate of Dr. Torrey who, for two years, just did the singing and never did any personal work. However, he soon became convinced that he ought to do personal work. When the team went to London he called upon Mr. Stead, the greatest interviewer of the age, and said to him, "I have always wondered how in the world you interviewed these people. Start on me. I want to see how you do it." Stead turned his big eyes and big bulk toward him and said suddenly, "What are you in London for?" Alexander's comment on this rebuke was, "It made me shake but I have never forgotten it."

Then Dr. Goddell adds: "As a teacher ask yourself in all seriousness the questions, 'Why am I here, what can I do to win, and how shall I know when I have won?' "

"You can teach botany in your class, but your teaching is a failure if your botany does not lead to the Rose of Sharon."

"There are good lessons in geology, but the rock you are after is the Rock of Ages."

"The geography of Bethlehem and Calvary is worth your while to make plain, but no one would

care where these places are but for the things that happened there."

"What am I here for exactly?" is a good question for men and women to ask themselves. Are you in college or high school? Are you a teacher of a Sunday School class? Are you a teacher in school with its sacred responsibility? Are you a mother? Are you a father? Are you a business man?

Then ask yourself that great question, "What am I here for exactly?"

Then Harold Mark answered his own question:

"Well—I want to arrange things with—with what? With God, the theologian would say. With my world's conscience, I myself say."

"Where are we going to? I can never feel quite easy until I have formed a decided opinion on that subject. We must be here for some purpose. We must be going somewhere, and not into the abysmal darkness; no it must surely be toward THE SUN, when all souls stream together into the infinite light."

Then He Leaps to a Decision of Service to Humanity

Then the light came. "The Face of the World" was in his dreams, but at least he could start to serve the world by serving those nearest

him. That would be a start at least. This thought comes to him like a conversion. It revolutionizes his life.

"I don't want to be comfortable alone. I want to have every one with me. When I learned anything new in my science the pleasure was never complete because I thought: Why don't the others know this? I wanted the others with me. I wanted to rise to an ever richer life, but I wanted to hold the others by the hand. SOME DAY WE SHALL ALL RISE! COME WITH ME; EVEN THE SMALLEST SHALL COME WITH ME. SOME DAY WE SHALL ALL RAISE OUR VOICES IN THE GREAT HYMN! A DREAM, A BELIEF, A MUSIC IN THE SOUL—WHAT MORE.

Bruce Barton has said this same great thing in a modern novel:

"No man really climbs who climbs alone. No man really wins the heights unless he carries others with him!"

The decision to service was the great leap to life that this young Norwegian doctor took. It is a tremendous thing for a doctor to learn early in life. I believe that most doctors have it in their blood. Outside of my own profession I do not believe that there is a single profession where men are more generally filled with the spirit of service than in the medical profession. Most of them have much of the old doctor in "Beside

the Bonnie Brier Bush" in their souls and in their lives.

Serving the World in a Little Town

It was a strange twist of fate. Fate has a way of doing such things. The man who had "The Face of the World" in his soul found out, at last, that he could serve the whole world by serving well a little corner in that world.

Just a while ago in the literary world we were interested in the small town. We were reading "Main Street" and a score of books dealing with the small town folks and things and needs and dreams, or lack of dreams.

But, be that as it may, in the great Bojer novel we suddenly find this young doctor appointed the head of a little hospital in his own home village; he who had had "The Face of the World" in his dreams; he who had dreamed the great dream of world vision. It is a strange transformation, the movements of which I am not trying to trace; nor does Bojer seem greatly concerned with the path by which he got to this small town; the fact interests us more, and what he did when he got there.

He himself sets forth the philosophy of his decision as he talks with a local doctor in the village who questions him critically:

Here was this great surgeon who might have

gone all over the world; who might have been a great world-leader; who had held the scholarship in the Sorbonne; who had spent years in Paris studying with the great French surgeons and yet here he was, content to settle down in a village to serve the world. It was more than this local doctor could understand. He did not know Vachel Lindsay, who chooses to remain in Springfield rather than go to New York. He did not know the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota. He did not know Luther Burbank of Santa Rosa, California. But Dr. Mark explained his decision in these great words:

"But—I've—I've come to the"—he became almost embarrassed as he leaned against the writing table—"I've come to the conclusion that if you can save a single human being from going to the dogs, its better than fighting for ten programmes!"

I happen to know a case of this kind. Only in this case it was a woman who had the dream of the world in her soul; whose mind "The Face of the World" haunted. We call her "Miss Mary" in our little home town. When I was a child I heard much talk of Miss Mary's going to New York for Settlement Work. The newspapers were full of it. She was given farewell receptions. It was a great day when she left home for that great work in New York City.

From time to time word would come back of what wonderful work she was doing in that great city.

Then her own mother went blind in Moundsville.

There was nobody to care for her. Miss Mary saw her duty at once. She left her work in New York and came back to Moundsville.

Her mother had need of her for years. In the meantime Miss Mary saw clearly that her work in New York must be given up.

Did she settle down into despair because she could not serve the world in the uttermost parts of the earth herself? No, she settled down to a heroic service to her own little town.

Pretty soon boys and girls began to feel the pressure of her dreams. Before long, boys and girls in that little town began to get "The Face of the World" in their dreams and in their souls.

She would invite them to her home, and somehow, before they went away, they were dreaming great dreams and they were seeing far visions. The far-off look was in their eyes. They looked as if they had been seeing auroras, and snow fields and Southern Crosses and the Pleiades.

Gently and surely she sent them off to college.

A few years ago as I travelled through the Orient I found one of her boys in Nanking, China. I found another in Foochow. I found a girl in

Nanking. I found two boys in Japan. I know of at least ten ministers in the church of Christ scattered all over America. I know of several deaconesses that her influence sent into life work. I know of several big business men in and around Pittsburgh who are teaching Sunday School classes and vitally interested in church work because Miss Mary set herself to realize her dream of the world in a little town.

And strangely enough the whole thing has focused in this very church.

This same Miss Mary Scott sent me to college; and it was her influence on my life that led me to Christ; and it was her dream for me that sent me into the ministry. Above all women her influence in my life has counted most. It was she who took us children under her brooding mother-wing; she who had no children of her own; when our mother died, it was she who has watched every one of us through college; it was she who, somehow, with infinite tact guided our footsteps into right paths.

A few months ago I took a girl into this church. I had never seen her in my life before until one morning she came up to the altars of this church and said, "I am one of Miss Mary's crowd."

Years ago Miss Mary had found her a girl working in a tobacco factory and tactfully and carefully had gotten her into a Billy Sunday

Meeting. Then in turn she had followed her life until today she is in this church getting ready to go into life work for humanity.

The Folks Dr. Mark Found in the Little Village

First of all he found Ivan Holth. He was a down and out. The village said that he was crazy. He had been disappointed in a love affair. But the doctor started to restore his manhood and self-respect to him.

His mother told him about Ivan Holth one evening when he was pacing up and down his room restlessly with that world dream still haunting him. His mother knew that if he could get interested in folks close at home that that would be his salvation.

His mother called him to her as she had done when he was a child telling him that she wanted to say something to him. He smiled and listened:

"What I wanted to say, Harold, is, that lately, at any rate, you haven't cared about anything except what was very far away. But there are people in this very town who are suffering, suffering terribly. Have you heard about Ivan Holth?"

Then she told him the story of Ivan Holth; of how he had been cursed by the public opinion of the town; of how he had been degraded until

he went about like a haunted, hunted animal, whipped and beaten as a cur.

He began to interest himself in this poor, degraded man. He astonished the village by giving him a responsible position at the hospital.

That night Ivan Holth went home to his little white house and as he went he walked like a new man.

Why?

"He was thinking of the doctor having treated him as an equal. Yes, Dr. Mark had called him Herr Holth all the time!"

We are reminded of the awakening that went on in the soul of Jean Valjean when the priest called him "Brother."

It is a thrilling moment. It stirs one's blood. To awaken a dead soul is a heroic thing; an exhilarating thing. To unlock the rusty doors into the house of a human soul; to lift up the windows and let the sweet air and the purifying sunlight into the house of a human soul; to see that soul drink deep of that cleansing air, and to see that soul leap to new manhood and new life in that house; that is something fit only for the gods to see.

Dr. Mark saw this happen in the soul of Ivan Holth.

One of the local doctors in the village jealous of everything that Dr. Mark did, called on him

to protest against giving Ivan Holth the responsible position of steward in the hospital.

" 'I would very seriously counsel you to reconsider this matter for your own sake. Do it this very day! Ivan Holth is mad.' "

" 'Nonsense! He is not mad.' "

" 'I know more about that than you do. He has long been dulled and deaf to the very center of all, namely, his own dignity.' "

" 'That is what I want to restore to him.' "

And the more the young doctor tried to help Ivan Holth the more he found himself wanting to help others in his little hospital and village.

One day as he was talking with Sister Alma, the head nurse of the hospital, a country woman came in. Her name was Martha. She was fifty, gray and wrinkled and as she came in she said, "I just want to say good-by."

" 'Oh, is it you, Martha?" said the doctor, turning around in his chair. 'Oh yes, of course, you're discharged today, aren't you!' "

"Martha had undergone a serious operation. For years she had suffered with a tumor in the stomach, so large that she could not breathe when she lay down, and had therefore, for years, to sit up in a chair when she slept; but this had been removed, and as it weighed more than sixteen pounds, she was now as slim and light as a young girl."

" 'God bless you,' she said with tears in her eyes, as she held out her hand."

Then there was little Marie. She was fifteen and tubercular. Just as the tuberculosis in her knee seemed to be disappearing the X-ray showed traces in her shoulder and back. She was in a plaster cast. She always had tears in her eyes for she wanted to go home so badly.

Dr. Mark, who passed so many patients indifferently, used always to stop at Marie's bedside trying to make her laugh.

" 'Well, Marie, have you thought about me at all since yesterday? I mean it you know!' "

"And the child lay still and laughed. In order to save her shoulder and back she was suspended in a long frame which rested on the mattress; and she was allowed just to turn her head and to lift one arm. But she laughed. There was a faint color in her delicate face surrounded by her fair hair, but also suffering, dreams, intelligence."

"It was apparent that she would have to lie there for six months and then the knife. 'Poor little Marie.' It broke the doctor's heart."

"As he went out of the hospital that night for a three days' trip with Ivan Holth into the mountains to help him forget his troubles, Dr. Mark handed Sister Alma a bank-note saying, 'Buy some cakes now and then for Marie but don't say they're from me.' "

"What was coming over the doctor! She had never seen him like this before with any patient. Was he beginning to get some of that rhythm into his mind of which he had lately spoken so that he would perhaps begin to play the violin again."

Getting Some of That Rhythm into Your Soul

Yes, the doctor was getting some of that rhythm into his soul. For a long time he had not touched the violin on which he was an expert. "The Face of the World" so haunted him; his helplessness in the face of the suffering of the world; his dream of being a world leader; that he had lost the rhythm of his soul. Now it was coming back. It was coming back through service to human beings in a little village. He was finding the "Face of the World" in his own home town; he was finding the world in helping the suffering people that were right at hand; in his own hospital, in his own village. It was a tremendous music that was swinging in his soul now.

As he himself found out in a great discovery there was a little chapel down deep in his own soul:

"There was a little chapel down deep in his being, which had hitherto been hidden by dust clouds from the noisy, everyday world; but now

he could see it. The Easter-bells were ringing down there. After all, there was something divine in him, too, and it only needed quiet to unfold freely. Yes, this was himself! This was himself!"

"Ah how good it was to be alive!"

Then Came the Tragedy

So came Christ's cross out of his glory. The Cross of Calvary was not far from the triumphal entry. It is always so with life. It was with Dr. Mark as it was with Jesus. Some of those he trusted most betrayed his trust.

Ivan Holth actually did set the town on fire one night. Some evil genius possessed his soul. The hospital burned and many of the patients with it; and the whole town went up in a horrible conflagration.

Dr. Mark went into a nervous breakdown. His life was despaired of. Two women remained by his bedside for weeks. His mother and Sister Alma. His heart was broken. His dreams were shattered. All seemed hopeless. Then one evening Sister Alma sat in another room and started to play Beethoven's piano arrangement of the Ninth Symphony.

He had just been lying in his bed tossing and cursing.

As he lay there he could see the burning town. He began to tremble. Sister Alma played on.

"That is right! Dreams are a crime! Realities are money, robbery, police, prisons, and war. The rest is nonsense. You who try to take a share in everything that happens, you with the wounded, bleeding world's conscience, you stretch yourself upon the cross and suffer and bleed like a fool! You help no one!"

But Sister Alma kept on playing.

Then suddenly he thought of Beethoven who wrote the music.

"Ah that man has lived. He who created that music has walked this earth like you! Is it no comfort to you that he has lived?"

"And the others—are there not more?"

"You see only the millions of Judas souls with steel and blood and money and betrayal—those that prophesy evil and are always right. But are there not others beside them?"

"*Other Footsteps Are upon the Hills*"

At the end of a great poem by Edward Roland Sill on "The Venus of Milo" there is a stirring phrase. He is contrasting in this poem the type of womanhood represented by Venus de Milo with that of the lesser material type.

"I shall beware of answer coming down;
And something, when my heart the darkness stills,
Shall tell me without sound or any sight
That other footsteps are upon the hills."

As Dr. Mark lay upon his bed, pain-broken, and soul-seared, and the troop of evils that had been in his life swept past his bed as Sister Alma played the Ninth Symphony he was in the depths of despair, and then suddenly, those other "footsteps were upon the hills":

"Do you not see that monk from the plains of Iran, sitting under a tree and dreaming the dream of mankind? Has he lived in vain? And the others?"

"A slave rises in Rome with a star on his brow, one of his disciples becomes Emperor of the world. In Judea the son of a carpenter stands with some fishermen round him, and takes water out of a well. Over the Italy of the Renaissance rises a figure with a chisel in his hand; in England a poet builds himself a world throne; and in France there stands an old man with a toothless mouth, holding aloft a torch where light flashes down through all ages. Is it no consolation to you that these men have lived?"

"They were dreamers like you. You are nothing, but you may surely bow down to them. They carried a world-picture in their breasts, of which

they wanted to know the meaning—like you. They were powerless against an armor-plated world—like you. They suffered on a world-cross—like you."

"They were dreamers, and yet they are torch bearers in the procession of mankind; and it is owing to them that there is not night over the earth!"

Then came peace to his soul.

He had passed through world-storm and soul-upheaval. He was wrecked and broken, like a stranded ship. The waves of life had buffeted his idealism as if it were a plaything, but at last in this great contrast he saw that there "Were other footsteps upon the hills," and that he was one of the humble torch-bearers of humanity.

"Harold lay still, his eyes closed and his hands clasped beneath his head, his breathing slow and deep, while great billows of gladness rolled over him under Sister Alma's gentle hands; and at last he turned and hid his face in the pillow, his shoulders heaving with his sobs."

And thus it was that James Chalmers, the great missionary, according to Dr. Goddell said, at the end of twenty-one years of toil: "Recall the twenty-one years of toil; give me back all of its experience; give me its shipwrecks; give me its standings in the face of death; give it to me surrounded with savages and spears and clubs; give

it me back again with spears flying about me; with the clubs knocking me to the ground—give it me back and I will still be your missionary!"

And so cry those of Christ who have "The Face of the World" in their dreams; so cry those who have been crucified for His name's sake; so cry those who set the torches burning on the highways of life.

"Give it all back, with all of its sufferings, with all of its disappointments and all of its sufferings and heartaches, its treachery, and its Judas and I will still be your Dreamer. I will still pray that God may give me the immortal gift of having "The Face of the World" in my dreams; in order that I may belong to that great Christ and His comradeship—the comradeship of those whom he bade: 'Go ye into all the world, and preach!' "

Chapter IV

The Dawn of a Tomorrow

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Text: *Mark* 16:2: "And very early in the morning they came."

I remember once riding on an observation car from Washington, D. C. over the Allegheny mountains. It was in mid-June and the beautiful mountains were blanketed with a great tinted coverlet of paleness to deep pink—the laurel of the mountain haunts. It was just after sundown, and as the train sped on in the early evening the great June moon sprang up from behind a jutting peak, flashing into a new, mellow light, the mountain beauties, rugged and precipitous. As the train sped on, going westward through West Virginia, down into the valley we first came across the white bridge of historic Harpers Ferry, the moon rose higher toward the zenith. Then the great, long train began to climb the mountainside—and as it began slowly to chug its way up those long curves, peculiar to the Allegheny mountain railroads, a line of black clouds also be-

gan to climb from the horizon in the east, toward the great white disk that soared so gracefully westward in the stillness of the night, unbroken, save by the purring and the click of the wheels as the train slowly climbed toward the Terra Alta of the Alleghenies.

About two o'clock in the morning the train had reached the glades of the toplands, and was gliding swiftly in and out like a serpent across those top level-lands. Away down, hundreds of feet in the canyons, glimmering in the white moonlight, hurried the dashing Cheat River, about which so many weird ghostlike stories hover. And they hovered peculiarly on that great white night as the river lay afar in the shadows of the mountain trees.

Absorbed in the eternal beauties of that great white night we did not notice that, as we climbed the mountain, huge, black clouds—clouds black as Erebus, had risen until they had almost reached the moon in its flight across the sky. We had not noticed it because those banked clouds only appeared to be but another line of mountains towering in the far distance. But suddenly the fast moving train seemed to suck in a great gust of cold wind—and then another—and then another. We drew our coats about us, we who had remained up to see the mountains. Yonder in the sky those black clouds seemed to be rushing af-

ter the great white moon—nearer and nearer they pursued it—the train rushed on in the night—those black cloud-steeds seemed to be reclaiming the moon as their own, because it, too, not many hours before that, had come from behind those same eastern mountains. Then a blast, more chill, blew across the mountains—then black impenetrable clouds, thick with gloom, drew nearer and nearer to the white moon. A wild, weird, lone cry came up from the canyon below, sounding like the wail of a lost soul, or the terrible death cry of some murdered wild thing.

Then in a flash those rushing clouds charged the light of the sky and the train rushed through the mountains in darkness. It seemed that the great gloom of eternal night had settled down over the mountains. The faint lights of the train fell but weakly against that awful blackness—that deep, impenetrable gloom. There seemed some impending doom to be brooding over the hills.

When suddenly, like a hiss, a streak of fire shrieked from that blackness and slit the gloom for a second. A tumult of thunder like the rolling of a million worlds, filled our hearts with awful fear. A wild form rushed through the night. Flash after flash of livid light hissed over us. The rush and roar of the train was drowned in the more awful roar of the conflicting air currents. It well

seemed like a battle of the eternal spheres. It seemed as if the planets of the heavens were being hurled by some unseen, all powerful hand. Flashing lights, across the blackness, only to crash together against that wall and smash to a dust of fire, in a roar of rage. The wind came sweeping with the storm in its fury and seemed to lift that great train almost from the rails. Never have I seen a tragedy like unto that. Men hovered in the recess of the car. The very mountains seemed to tremble in fear of something. Now and then a tree, having stood three hundred years, would be hurled down the mountain side as if shaken from its bed in the mountain side, by the trembling of its mother. One great oak fell directly across the tracks. The engineer saw it and stopped the train. It was about four o'clock in the morning now. It was a hard task to move the monster tree. The passengers hovered in the cars away from the storm without. The thunder still roared, and the mountains trembled until it seemed that their very foundations would topple.

Then, almost before any one realized it, a lull came—the wind died down, quieted as by an unseen touch. The black clouds flew fast toward the northwest, as if afraid of a coming master, as if they knew that the conqueror were on the way and they must flee. The thunder eased to a far,

low rumbling and then suddenly died away as if reluctantly it gave place to a something that was coming, a something that was its master, a something that was its conqueror. And that something —that Master of Night—that conqueror of lightning and thunder, that driver of the winds—was the "Dawn of a Tomorrow."

The Dawn of a Tomorrow

And so it was that in Frances Hodgson Burnett's great book, "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," Anthony Dart found himself, as you remember the story, in the top of a London boarding house, in a dirty cheap room, so full of broken window panes that the thick fog without had filled the room. He lay on the bed in the form of a cross and he decided that for him there would be no "Dawn of a Tomorrow." It was not worth living, this miserable life of his. He had won wealth and fame but what of it? He did not want to live.

This engine that men called the body was a miserable wreck. It would not do the work required of it. It had broken down.

He said, "A mere human engineer who constructed an engine whose workings were perpetually at fault—which went wrong when called upon to do the work for which it was intended

—who would not scoff at it and cast it aside as a piece of worthless bungling?"

Then he muttered, "Something is wrong! Is it I—or is it YOU?" This challenge he directed at God.

"His thin lips drew themselves back against his teeth in a mirthless smile which was like a grin."

Lying there, hating life, hating his God, hating people, he decided without reservation that there would be no Dawn of a Tomorrow for him. He knew too how to make that possible. He remembered a pawn shop and he had seen a pistol there. He would go out now and buy it; come back to that very room; and to that very bed; and end it all. He dressed to go on this horrible errand. He started out into the hall. The fog was so thick, and the stillness so intense in the hall that he seemed to be all alone in the world on his errand of death and a great wave of self-pity and helplessness swept over him and he lifted his hands to that God he had just repudiated with hate and cried out, "Oh Lord! Lord! What shall I do to be saved?"

"But the silence gave no answer. It was the silence still."

He purchased the pistol and had started on his way back. He was crossing the street when, suddenly, there loomed up before him a horse's

head. He dodged to escape that particular kind of a public death. He lost his way. He could not find the way back to the dingy room where he had planned to make it possible that there should be no Dawn of a Tomorrow for him.

But instead he suddenly found himself near the Thames Embankment. Water was running. Here might be the way and he bent over. A sovereign fell out of his pocket. He paid no attention to it but suddenly a little bundle of rags at his feet moved; a red-headed, touseled girl arose.

" 'Are yer goin' to do it?' she said in a hoarse, street-strained voice—'Yer would be a fool if yer did—with as much as that on yer!' "

Then you will remember that for once this man found that there was something interesting in life. He found that Glad needed him; that Glad's friend Pearl needed him; she was only eighteen and was trying to make her living on the street; and that Apple Blossom Court needed him.

" 'Gawd!' she broke out, "ten pounds'd send Apple Blossom Court to 'eaven. Leastways, i'd take some of it out o' hell.' "

Then when Dart told her that he had even more money than that to give away and she had exclaimed, "Deservin' cases?" We hear his soul rebel in these words; as many of our souls

have rebelled at the cry of the church that cases must be "Deservin' cases."

"I don't care! I don't care a damn!"

He was beginning to be aroused to a deep sympathy even for the undeserving.

Then you remember how Glad led him to the coffee stand with her sovereign clutched in her little hand, her stomach eagerly aching; she who had had nothing but a piece of bologna for a day; and when she reached the coin to the coffee man, you will remember a hungry boy who snatched it and shot off down the alley.

Anthony Dart took after him. He chased him to the end of the blind alley and the boy had to stop. He turned with his defense:

"' 'I'm as hungry as she is!' "

" 'Hungry enough to rob a child, beggar?' "

" 'Hungry enough to rob a starving old woman—or a baby,' with a defiant snort. 'Wolf hungry—tiger hungry—hungry enough to cut throats!' "

Then the poor man whirled and faced the wall with a half sobbing, half choking sound in his throat: "Hell! I give it up! I give it up!"

The picture in Glad's room is not a beautiful one but it is impressive. You remember that she took Anthony Dart to her room after they had purchased food and wood for the fire. You remember that Glad built the first fire in weeks

in that miserable fireplace. Then after they, Glad and her friends, had eaten; eaten so ravenously; especially the poor thief; that Anthony Dart turned his face that they might not see that he noticed; they then sat and told their experiences.

His Second Reason for Not Dying

These stories gave him his second reason for not making it possible that there should not be for him no Dawn of a Tomorrow. The first was that he had found out that there were starving human beings in the world who needed him. The second is to come.

As each told the story of his life, Glad told about the poor dancing girl, Miss Montaubyn, who had heard when she was at some hospital about the Christ; of how since she had come home she had been the prophet of Apple Blossom Court; of how it was she who not only believed, but lived her Christianity.

" 'But,' says Glad, 'Miss Montaubyn's lidy says Godamighty never done it nor intended it, an' if we kep' sayin' an' believin' 'e's close to us an' not a millun o' miles away, we'd be took care of whilst we was alive an' not 'ave to wait till we wus dead.' "

Then she got to her feet and threw her arms with a sudden jerk and involuntary gesture.

" 'I'm alive! I'm alive!' she cried out, 'I've got ter be took care of NOW! En I'm agoin' to keep myself alive a draggin' human beings out of the dirt!' "

"I do not understand!" Anthony Dart said.

" 'Tain't understandin'! It's believin'."

And when Glad said that, she said the biggest thing in the New Testament; the gist, the sum, the heart of the religion of the Christ.

"Do you believe it?" he said again.

" 'I'm livin' on believin' it! I ain't got nothin' else, and answers keeps comin' and comin'! ' "

Then you who read the book will remember that the dancing woman herself came in and added her Truth to what Glad had been trying to tell him, and in her fervor to make him see the reality of this presence of Christ in the world she told him that all he had to do was to accept that Presence:

"Stretch out yer 'and an' call out 'Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth!' an' yer'll 'ear an' see. An' never stop sayin' it—let yer 'eart beat it and yer breath breathe it and you'll find yourself goin' about laughin' soft to yerself an' lovin' everythin' as if it was yer own child at yer breast."

Then suddenly Glad, listening, is overwhelmed by the wonder of this unseen presence.

" 'Gawd!' " said Glad, her chin almost on her knees, her eyes staring fearsomely. 'S'pose it was

—an' us—sittin' 'ere an' not knowin' it—an' no one knowin' it—nor gettin' the good of it. Same as if—,' pondering hard in search of a simile, 'same as if nobody 'ad knowed about 'lectricity, an' there wasn't no 'lectric lights, nor no 'lectric nothin'. Onct nobody know'd, an' all the same it was there—jest waitin'.' "

"Her fantastic laugh ended for her with a little choking, vaguely hysterical laugh."

" 'Blimme!' she said, 'Aint it queer, us not knowin'—IF IT'S TRUE?' "

Then came the horrible death of the woman below even as they talked and the call for Miss Montaubyn and the sudden need of putting her unseen presence to the test in comforting the dying woman "Bet."

The others watched her as she knelt beside the mangled form.

" 'Bet,' she said, 'Bet, Bet, my dear.' "

" 'There is no death. There—is—no—death!' "

The muscles of the woman's face twisted into a rueful smile.

"There—is—no—death," repeated the dancer. And added as the woman was passing, "In a minute you will know—in a minute! Lord show her the wye."

Mysteriously the clouds cleared from the dying woman's sodden face and the passing came quietly, calmly as a summer day.

And in that scene Anthony Dart felt the unseen presence forever his. Now he had two things that make life most worth living; Christ and the desire to help folks.

Then he told that little group who he was. He was Sir Oliver Holt. They could not believe it at first for that name represented all that was wealthy. But his words were convincing.

Then he told them of how he, the wealthiest man in all England, had intended the night before to commit suicide; had even bought the gun; he took it from his pocket to show them. "There was no wealth on earth that could give me a moment's ease—sleep—hope—life. The whole world was full of things I loathed the sight of. The doctors said that my condition was physical. But now, these things that I have found out, this unseen presence of the Christ, and you—you who represent the need of the world—these two things HAVE SAVED ME! HAVE SAVED ME!"

Chapter V

The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot

ALFRED SHEPPARD

Text: *Mark* 14-18: "One of you shall betray me!"

The figure and character of Judas Iscariot never grows old in interest. Judas is remembered as was the man who struck Michael Angelo in the face and broke his nose. He turned, seemingly, unmoved, and said to the man who struck him, "You will be remembered only as the man who struck Michael Angelo."

So the character of Judas Iscariot is remembered until ages die as the man who betrayed the Master and that alone seems enough to give him immortal fame in the minds of the people.

But here is a book called "The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot" which traces the growth of that soul which made it possible to betray the Christ and that degeneration is a fascinating thing to watch.

I never lose an opportunity of watching the growth of a human soul that has achieved. I

want to know every step in the life of a man who has achieved some great thing. That is fascinating reading to me always. I read such with eagerness. For that reason I like a book such as "The Americanization of Edward Bok" and "Twice Thirty." I like to know how a man achieves. For that same reason I want to know the steps in the moral degeneration of a Tito, or a Dimmesdale, or a Macbeth, or a Nechuldorf so that I may know what to avoid.

The First Step in Iscariot's Degeneration

It was early in life. Judas was but a boy. The scene was Joppa on the "morning of a blue and good day." He and a boy friend were playing on the beach. Judas had found some beautiful shells. When he put them to his ears the murmur of the sea was in them.

His boy friend said, "Oh, give me one of your shells, Judas!"

" 'Why should I give you a shell?' I said. 'What will you exchange for it?' "

"He had a broken knife, old and rusty. 'No!' I said. And then a whim took me. I was a proud boy. 'Kneel and worship me!' I said. 'Hail me as king! And then the shells shall be yours!' "

"He reddened and flung himself on his knees. But he was haughty too, and quick of temper;

repented instantly and struck a great blow at me as I stepped graciously toward him."

" 'Worship a bastard and Jew?' he cried. 'With my fist I will worship thee, scum that the sea flung to our threshold!' "

* * * *

This angered Judas and he grabbed up a big stone and hurled it at this fair-haired tormentor. The boy fell, his hair and face bloody. The boy's legs twisted in death and Judas stood over him, wild with frenzy, yelling, 'Your king wills you to die! Your king wills you to die!' And laughed aloud like a wild man.

* * * *

The Second Step of His Degeneration

Fleeing from his first crime he fell in with a band of robbers and for weeks they pillaged the countryside. Then he grew tired of these brigands and returned to his own home. There he had a quarrel with his own father and it culminated in a fit of rage and anger in which he pushed his father down a ladder and killed him. The father had called him an ugly name to be sure, but still it was his father.

" 'Take back that name canting Pharisee!' " the boy cried and motioned as if to strike him with his clenched fist, as he himself tells of it:

" 'I should not truly have struck I think for

he was still my father. But at that he ran toward me like a bull and struck me on the hand with his bar of iron. The blood rushed to my head. I scarcely knew what I did. My little sister Bernie began to cry. Did I strike him? Did I push him? Did the blow throw him from his balance? I do not know. But he fell or stumbled, clutched wildly in the air, and crashed down the ladder to the floor below. His head struck the corner of the forge. I stood, thunderstruck for a minute and could not move, and my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.' "

Judas is Haunted with His Sins

The hands of Judas are bloody with two murders, and with a life of robbery and licentiousness. He is haunted by sin.

Then he meets Drusilla, a beautiful Hebrew girl who loves him. He confesses his crime to her.

" 'Drusilla,' I said, 'I can trust you! Can I trust you? I am very lonely; I was very lonely, even as a child. I think you are my only friend. Can I trust you?' "

" 'With your life.' " she said.

Then he told her of how one of the great synagogues had shut him out of Israel. Her reply is characteristic of a woman who loves. It has

always been so. It will be so unto the end no doubt.

" 'Judas, in this city there are half a thousand synagogues; if they—how do you call it—if they cursed you in every one, on half a thousand Sabbaths, I should still love you—I SHOULD! I SHOULD!' "

Then She Told Him of Christ

It was a beautiful illustration of a woman's love. It has a parallel in "The Scarlet Letter," when the young preacher cries out:

" 'Oh wondrous miracle of a woman's love! She will not tell! She will not tell!' "

" 'Judas,' she said, 'I have heard of a good man. He is a great teacher. He tells men strange things which none know or have guessed; things of a new kingdom, a new life—'

" 'A new life! That is good; ah, I should like a new life. But how a new kingdom? Does he set himself up against Rome?' "

" 'I do not know what his kingdom means but I know he speaks of a beautiful world beyond this one, where there is no sorrow, and no death. He heals the sick. He even brings back the dead to life. I have heard some of his words. They seem very beautiful. Will you go to him?' "

And here a woman's heart hungers for him whom she loves. What a world it would be if

every woman who loves every man should love him enough to put that tremendous question, in love and hungering to the man she loves:

"Will you go to him?"

And every husband put that question to every wife:

"Will you go to him?"

And every sweetheart to her lover:

"Will you go to him?"

And every mother to her child:

"Will you go to him?"

And every chum to his chum:

"Will you go to him?"

Judas Surrenders to Her Enthusiasm for Christ

Then Drusilla tells her lover, Judas, about the words that this Christ speaks. She quotes the Lord's Prayer to her lover as she has heard it from Jesus:

" 'Are they not good words, Judas?' "

" 'They are good words, Drusilla,' I said. And I repeated softly to myself—for the words had fallen on my heart—cool and still as evening dew on Mt. Hermon—'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' "

" 'Say on, Drusilla; say on!' "

Then his sweetheart tells Judas about how Christ has raised men from the dead and he listens with eagerness, for everything that she says

pleases that terrible loneliness in his heart about his father's murder; and if this man can raise from the dead the stain of his father's murder may yet be wiped out:

"Say on! Say on, Drusilla!"

Then she tells him how Christ was born in a manger among the cattle and that he was a common carpenter of Nazareth.

He replied, "A fine teacher, a Galilean carpenter, born in a manger—

"But say on! Say on! Say on!"

Then her woman's heart seems to know that he is about to surrender to her Christ and Messiah and she eagerly pleads her case:

Judas: " 'And this teacher—this Messiah—how lives he? You say he cares little for wealth and his father is but a carpenter?"

Drusilla: "I suppose he too lives by his craft. But very often he goes with the fishermen on the lakes. One of his disciples, I think, has boats to hire. One told me also that he was a shepherd; he spoke of his sheep. Oh, Judas, I am sure he is a great teacher. He could help you. Will you not go and hear him?"

" 'I—I—will go!' I said."

It is a triumphant thing that has happened. A woman's love has won him over to the Christ. This has many lessons for all of us. This girl was selling the Master to one whom she loved.

She knew all of his fine points and one by one she went over them with her lover and won him to Christ!

"I will go! I—I—I—will go!" he said.

Scenes with Jesus the Christ

I

First there was the scene with the mad dog:

A thin, yellow mad dog rushed down the street foaming at the mouth, snapping viciously, right and left. A child stumbled in its path. But at that moment a burly peasant hurled his staff at the brute and killed the beast.

Then Judas tells of a young man who came up to see the dog:

"A young man came up. He had his back to me. I could not see his face distinctly though when he glanced around for a minute I saw that he had a beard. He was of a slight figure and bore himself with a certain easy grace and dignity.

"He looked down at the body of the dog lying in slime and blood.

" 'Yet what beautiful white teeth it has,' he said. 'How strong and how evenly they are set.'

" 'Strong enough, master,' said a woman. 'You

would see beauty in camel's dung or cow's dung!' "

II

Second: There was the scene in the carpenter's shop:

Judas dropped into a carpenter shop in Nazareth. Suddenly a young man stepped in. It was he who had made the remark about the whiteness of the mad dog's teeth.

a.

Their eyes met and Judas says of the Master: "He had the most wonderful eyes I think I had ever seen. They were dark, soft, lit with strange hidden lights. They seemed to hold sadness, sternness, yet withal, a great kindness."

"I bought a doll toy from him."

b.

"He cut a grotesque toy out of some shavings for a little child."

c.

The cross scene. Jesus was standing and stretched out his arms and his shadow fell on the wall.

" 'Mary,' said her husband, "do you know what Jesus' shadow on the wall reminds me of? Look

at it! the body straight, the head, the arms stretched out. The thief who was crucified on Golgotha the last time I was in Jerusalem. It looks just like that.' "

" 'Don't, Joseph!' she said. ' 'Tis a horrid fancy. To me it is more like the angel blessing the people and his hair is the veil. Do you not see?' "

d.

Judas said to Jesus: "Are you the Master of whom I have heard in Jerusalem? A Jewish maid in Pontius Pilate's household told me there was a Jesus of Nazareth, who preached good tidings, healed the sick, and did many wonderful things. Are you he? Because you are younger than I thought?"

" 'Men say that of me,' Jesus said. And all the time his eyes were upon me; kind; yet penetrating; seeming to read my most inward thoughts and most secret history. I could not meet them."

" 'And preach forgiveness of sins?' I asked."

"To those who will seek forgiveness. Some will not take it. Some seek it and find it and then fling it from them."

Then he told Judas a parable of a man who was along the sea shore seeking for a stone that would turn things to gold. He would pick up stone after stone and touch it to his iron girdle about his waist and then throw them away. And

when evening drew nigh he looked at his girdle and behold it had turned to gold. He had flung the stone away that would turn things to gold.

e.

Then Judas turned on the Master and, weeping, told him of his great sins, even unto that of the murder of his father, for Jesus was the type of man to whom one naturally confided things:

"Stay! Master I have committed a great sin," he said.

"I—I need forgiveness!"

"Day and night I cannot rest!"

They were standing on the top of Mt. Carmel and it was sunset. A beggar ran out of a cave.

" 'What sin is great, what little?' Jesus asked me."

" 'I have committed the greatest of all. I have killed my father!'

" 'Who is your father? That beggar is your father! To kill him is to kill your father!'

"And then he added: 'The blow you struck did not kill your father! He was killed by the hatred in your heart.' "

"Christ's voice grew very soft and kind as he said: 'Your sin is forgiven you: Go and sin no more!' "

f.

A great sense of peace stole over Judas. He says, "I came to a great quietness and refreshment; and knew indeed; though how—I know not—that my sin was covered. There was to be no more heartbreak—no more restless night tossing about until cock crow."

" 'Master, Master!' I cried, and young and ardent, I who had in secret named no man Master, or lord, bent to kiss the hem of his garment! 'I will be Thy Disciple!' "

" 'He that would be my disciple must take up his cross and deny himself and follow me!'

" 'I will follow thee, whither soever thou goest!' I said, for I was young and hot-blooded.

" 'And leave all?' he said, looking at me until I felt that I flushed under his glance.

" 'I will leave all and follow thee,' I said. 'I will leave all and follow thee!'

"He looked at me hard and long. Again that sense of destiny, great, awful destiny; infinitely sad; swept over me. His glance seemed to read my very soul; all that I had thought; all that I had done; seemed to lie bare before him.

" 'Come, let us go hence,' he said.

" 'I will leave all and follow thee! I will leave all and follow thee! I will leave all and

follow thee!' The words I spoke rang and echoed in my heart like a great tolling bell.

"'All?' my heart asked. All? My place in Pilate's court, the little vineyard I had bought? Drusilla, my hope of advancement, my dreams of kingship?

"Strange the spell he cast over me as over others.

"In the deep silence we turned to descend the hill. A great surrender—a great surrender, this that I had made.

"The hills were aflame. Sunset ran from crest to crest in a blaze of living fire. And beyond Carmel, the sun, a ball of red gold, dropped to the sea. One could almost seem to hear in the stillness the hiss of its fall as of molten metal. . . . I stumbled and put my hand out to a rock for steadiness. And with that I gave a cry checked almost instantly. My hand was red with blood.

"Then a bitter coldness seemed to fall over the land. I shuddered.

"Jesus looked at me with that infinite sadness.

"We came down the hill together, in the darkness."

Events move swiftly. Judas becomes a part of the little band of disciples. Yet he never fully gives his heart to Christ. He always believes that Christ is a mountebank, a faker, an actor.

Being dishonest himself, he cannot believe that Jesus is not in the business of helping people, in order to help himself.

In this respect Judas has many prototypes in modern life; men who can never see good done by any other man that they do not think that that man is "getting something out of it."

"What is there in it for me? When do I get mine?" are colloquialisms that are biting symbols of the spirit of this untrue, unreal, and utterly selfish age in which we live.

If a man goes out of his way to emulate the Good Samaritan, the crowd on the sidewalk sneers and says: "What is he after; reward, or publicity?"

If a man actually tries to help the widow in her affliction these days he is accused of sinister designs on the widow, or her inheritance.

Judas never got beyond the calculating stage of his discipleship with Jesus. He was always figuring on what there was in it for him. He never quite took Jesus for his infinitely precious self. He was not big enough within his own soul to recognize greatness in Jesus. He was not true enough to feel the trueness of the Master.

Judas himself later realized how blind he had been, that he had not recognized in Jesus this Divine greatness, this Divine love; and just be-

fore the Crucifixion he cried out, as he walked along an outcast:

"Love is everything in the world. Yes, and it was my tragedy that I had not found it."

Judas watched Jesus carry his own cross to Calvary. He saw his suffering. This biography describes the last scene in these words:

"The skies darkened; what sun there had been seemed to die in the heavens in a sea of blood. Lightning flashed against the black background to the cross; forked, and like silver chains, and in sheets of blinding fire. There came the reverberation of thunder; low and solemn at first, culminating in peal after peal that set the old world rocking in dismay and wonder. And, after that —silence, profound, unbroken, save by the hushed voices of the awe-stricken onlookers, and by feeble sounds contrasting in vivid strangeness with the thunder-claps.

As the central cross stood illumined by the lightning flashes, three birds circled around the Dying Master.

"A robin plucked a thorn from his crown, and piercing its own breast, became red with blood.

"A swallow, circling round and round, cried, 'Svala, svala!' (Console, console!)

"A stork, with beat of heavy wings, uttered its dismal note, 'Styrka, Styrka!' (Strengthen, strengthen!)

"Jesus turned his head as if in almost intolerable anguish; real this, I knew, and no acting, before men or under high heaven.

" 'My God, my God!' he cried, 'why hast thou forsaken me?' "

"What was the meaning of that cry? Theatrical again—for how could God forsake God, the Son of God?—No! It was real; he was not acting!"

The Judas whom Jesus had not won in life was won by his death.

Judas believes now; seeing this suffering; even Judas believed. He who had believed Jesus to be an actor up to this time cried out at the unutterable agony of Jesus: "That is real! That is not acting! I believe!"

And thus has the death of Jesus won, where his life did not win the hearts of humanity. The story of the Cross has gone around the earth and it has won untold millions to Jesus. It seems that it takes this suffering hour to win our hearts. We are but children. God pity us, and it takes a dying, suffering Jesus to win our hearts to him.

Chapter VI

In the Heart of a Fool

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Text: *Psalm* 14:1: "The fool said in his heart there is no God."

The thesis:

"Material rewards do not follow spiritual excellence, nor does spiritual decay bring material punishment upon it; the rewards and punishments of the material world are quite apart from spiritual excellence and deficiencies."

It is another George Eliot's "Romola" and Tom Van Dorn is the Tito of this modern Romola. Tom Van Dorn is the well-fed child of fortune who starts off in the beginning of the book with a philosophy which denies God and enthrones materialism.

Those of you who remember "Romola" remember that fortune seemed to shine down on Tito from the beginning of that great story and novel; political power comes to him; prestige from those in influence; money and everything material that a heart could wish. He was the esteemed citizen of Florence, Italy.

So is Tom Van Dorn, the Fool, in this book. He is, in the little Kansas town, all that Tito was in Florence. He is elected Judge. He is likable. He has affable ways. He gets political power.

Tito meets and wins the love of the beautiful Romola, the daughter of the Blind Bard, even as he is, at the same time, because of his philosophy of materialism, carrying on a sinful flirtation with Tessa, the innocent little milk girl. So does Tom Van Dorn win the love of Laura, the daughter of the doctor of the little Kansas town.

Everything seems to favor Tito at first, as everything seems to favor Tom Van Dorn. Then the inevitable end comes when all the material structure that he has been building up out of selfishness and sin, for a lifetime, suddenly crumbles beneath him; the pillars of his own material temple he feels toppling about his head and himself thrust suddenly into the dust and débris of his tumbling structure. Tito feels the bony hands of the madman Baldassare, whom he has betrayed, clutched about his throat in death, and he suddenly knows that, what George Eliot is trying to teach, is eternally true, "That whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Tom Van Dorn goes along blithely his own way; convinced that all this talk about Christ and tenderness and kindness and charity and

goodness is the silly, sentimental dribbling of weakness. Tom is a Prussian to the core. He sneers at kindness. He sneers at kindness and prospers materially in spite of those sneers. Then suddenly his soul collapses; death, disease and destruction stare him in the face with hideous horror and he knows, not only what Tito learned, that "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," but he learns even a more terrible lesson than that; he learns it with disease in his blood; he learns it while his own child repudiates him; he learns it when all the world has turned against him; he learns it when he finds that while yet a young man, his arteries and his soul are the arteries and the soul of an old man tottering in ruin and decay; he learns that the man who says that there is no God is a Fool!

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" he hears the mocking fiends shrieking down the ages to him. "Fool! Fool! Fool!" he hears the torturing voice of his own cringing soul mocking him. "Fool! Fool! Fool!" he hears; as heard the fallen Merlin in the woods when the storm was passing and temptation had come and he had fallen! "Fool! Fool! Fool!" he heard the cry that all men hear who say in their hearts, "There is no God!" "Fool! Fool! Fool!" He heard the cry the Kaiser must have heard those awful days as he saw his empire tottering about him. His friends;

even his family desert him; and the world turned in hatred from his loathsome face; the hated soul leper of all the centuries!

"In the Heart of a Fool" was being written in the sweat of a world's blood. William Allen White in this book was writing the world story of Prussianism. He was writing the story of an individual or a nation either of which believed that force, and might, and power, and strength can win in the end. He was writing the story of a man who didn't take God into account.

He was writing the story of a man and a nation which for forty years piled up all the mountains of material resources that forty years of continuous toil with the most efficient machinery in the world could pile. He was writing the story of a nation that secretly amassed material resources to crush the Christian belief; to show that the Super-man was superior to the Super-God; the Christ.

And while he was writing William Allen White saw this thesis proven correct not only in the life of Tom Van Dorn, but he went to Europe and saw it proven correct in the heart of a nation; "The fool said in his heart, there is no God!"

The Story

Tom Van Dorn comes into the little Kansas town in the early pioneer days with a winning

personality. He has a college education. The town falls in love with him, as Florence did with Tito. He is a lawyer. He is a good one.

Dr. James Nesbit is the town's political boss. He likes Tom Van Dorn and soon begins to boost him politically until finally he makes him the judge of the town. Dr. Nesbit has a daughter, Laura.

Tom Van Dorn falls in love with Laura.

So does Grant Adams.

Grant Adams is a man with a social vision. He sees the injustice of the treatment of the men in the mills in this little town. He sees the injustice of their low wages; the injustice of the fact that they have such miserable housing. When the men come home from the mines they have to strip naked and wash in front of their little children instead of having a place to wash at the mines. He sees immorality spreading in the children of the miners because of this condition. He sees the injustice of poorly fed little children, who, when they are half grown, either fall ill, the prey of disease, or the worse prey of immorality. He notices that most of the criminals and prostitutes come from the homes of the men in the mines and he sees that this is because they are poorly housed, underfed, underpaid.

He starts out in life; does Grant Adams with the ideals of the Christ; the ideals of love, sacri-

fice, and service. He wants to live his life for somebody else.

Tom Van Dorn starts out with the ideal of gaining power and material resources. He sneers at all that Grant Adams stands for, and they both love Laura Nesbit.

Grant Adams decides to become a carpenter and work WITH these men. He decided to give up preferment to power and office and live his life with the men whom he wants to help to see the light.

Tom Van Dorn says in one bit of dialogue about these same men:

"Henry, I want the advantage of strength in this world and I'm not going to go pulling around, golden-ruling and bending my back to give the weak and worthless a ride. Let 'em walk! Let 'em fall! Let 'em rot for all I care! I'm not afraid of their God. There is no God!"

"And the serving, weakling, groveling, charitable, cowardly philosophy of Christ—it doesn't fool me, Henry! I'm a pagan! I shall live in the full! live it hard—live it beautifully—but live it! live it!! I intend to command, not obey! Rule, not serve! I shall take and not give! not give unless it pleases me to have my hand licked once in a while."

Once, like Tito, Tom Van Dorn heard the call of righteousness. It came as it did to Tito.

When Tito had won the love of Romola he felt that he ought to confess all and start clean. But he did not. So it was with Tom Van Dorn, now Judge Van Dorn; made so by the political pull of Laura's father, Doctor Nesbit.

"Tom forgot everything that night except a girl's grey eyes, her radiant face, and the glory of her aspiring soul. It was calling with all of its power to Tom Van Dorn to rise and shine and take up the journey to the stars. And when one hears that call, whether it come from man or maid, from friend or brother, or sweetheart or child, or from the challenge within him of the holy spirit, when he heeds its call, no matter where he is while he hears, he walks with God!"

But Tom Van Dorn did not heed that call. He did not walk with God. He walked away from God.

Any man who takes materialism as a basis of life; any man who prefers getting to giving, to rule and not to serve; any man who says in his heart that there is no God, of course walks away from God and not with him.

But in spite of his materialism, and in spite of his false philosophy Tom won Laura; and Grant Adams, the spiritual, Grant Adams, the man who would serve his fellow men, Grant Adams, the man who would give his all for humanity; Grant Adams who was so much the

Christ in his life that he took up the trade of carpentering that he might live his life with the men; he lost Laura.

And so it is in life at first.

Then came misery and unhappiness to Tom Van Dorn. His materialistic philosophy of life made it possible for him to break marriage vows and then he broke his wife's heart. A little girl came into the Judge's home. He worshiped this child. It was the one passion of his life.

But his sin broke Laura's heart and it broke his home.

Then the inevitable reaction of his material philosophy came. His child began to shun him. She too had had her heart broken. The day that he went out of the house in anger she had cried after him to come back. Her little heart could not understand. From that day on, because he did not turn his head when she cried out to him his own child began to shun him.

When Laura finally went to her father broken-hearted over it all the old kindly doctor said to her: "You must leave that miserable cur—that —woman-hunting dog—that—"

"Stop, Father!" Laura said gently; "it's something more than women that's wrong with Tom! Women are merely an outward and visible sign—it's WHAT HE BELIEVES—and what he Does; liv-

ing his CREED; always following the material thing!"

And so Tom Van Dorn prospered materially, came to be Judge and Governor, came to have power that finally crushed the life out of poor Grant Adams, the hero of this story; came to have money and influence that gave him the finest house in the town; and the finest clothes; but he sold his soul; he killed decency in his life; he crucified the Christ; he drove the love of his own child to hatred; he smashed his home; and he dies a drunken, driveling, tottering old man alone in the palace that his money and his power had built, and above all the silence he heard the cry of Daddy! Daddy! in his dreams.

Grant Adams

Grant Adams dreamed his dream. He became poor that others might become rich; he gave up influence and power that the poor men with whom he worked might have better living conditions.

As he worked among them as carpenter he organized them into Unions. He taught them the better way to live. His organization became so powerful that he was master of thousands of men. Then came his temptation. He was offered the nomination for the Senate. Much to the surprise of those who offered it to him he sent a

telegram turning it down. He would still stay with the workingmen. His life could best be spent there with them.

So temptation came to Jean Valjean in the Court Room; the temptation to still save himself by keeping the old man in prison. And when he conquered temptation and those who were there pitied him he cried out, "Pity me? Pity me? When I think of what I was about to do I deserve your congratulation and not your pity!"

Grant Adams won in his great temptation. He stayed with his men.

Then one day the mine caught on fire while he was down in the shaft supervising some carpenter work. Hundreds of miners were entombed. He was one of them. They walled themselves in a room for two days. The fire raged about them. They were face to face with realities and eternities then. It is a most vivid baring of the souls of men. All but Grant are mere men; ignorant men; one a condemned criminal; all fathers. One was a Welshman, one an Italian and one an Irishman. Grant Adams looked into their man souls and saw them for what they were.

They were poor ignorant men, without education, without what is called culture, without a chance, but they were men; men through and through when the test came. They were not afraid to die.

In this scene the reader sees such a vivid contrast between the educated, cultured, wealthy, powerful Judge Van Dorn, and the reader cries out, "Thank God for these men! Thank God for such inherent worth! And as for me, if I had my choice I would rather be ignorant Dick Bowman, than Judge Van Dorn!"

Then came the rescue party and the frantic digging out of the wall with which they had entombed themselves to keep the fire away from them. But as they crawled out of the burned dry walls they began to fall in on them in the big passage way.

"Grant Adams was the last man to leave the prison. As he turned a great rock fell, with a head of dirt burying him. His legs and body were pinioned. Two men crawled back to help Grant. They knew the danger that was there for another great rock hovered over Grant's head. It might fall any minute. If it did he would be crushed. If they attempted to save him they too might be crushed. They saw but they took the chance. They were not afraid to die.

"As the two men started to dig, the great rock fell and crushed their lives out.

"Then Dick Bowman crawled over to Grant. The wall was crumbling fast. Seconds might mean life or death. But Dick Bowman, ignorant man that he was did not hesitate. He even called

his son Mugs and said, 'Mugs take that shovel and hold it over Grant's face to keep the dirt from smothering him!

"The boy looked in terror at the roof dropping dirt and ready to fall, but the father glared at him and he obeyed."

Dick Bowman was willing to even sacrifice his own son to save Grant.

When Grant told Laura the story later he cried out:

" 'O, those men—those men—those wonderful, beautiful souls of men I saw—those strong, fearless, Godlike men—!' "

His Opportunity to Give

Then came his opportunity to repay; to give of himself to the men who had saved his life. The news came to Laura from Grant's father; the doctor who had been hurriedly called to the mines:

" 'Grant Adams! We are afraid he's killed!' "

Laura turned white for she was beginning to see in Grant Adams the Christ among men; she was beginning to see the contrast between Grant Adams and Judge Van Dorn, who had so ruthlessly left her and her child unheeding the cries of "Daddy! Daddy!" from his own child.

When she went to Grant a crowd surrounded him, and an Italian was saying to the crowd about

Grant, "He's burned something awful." He got it saving des feller here," nodding and pointing to Hogan.

But Grant did not die. He was to live to die in a greater way; to die as Christ died on the cross of selfishness; crucified by power and materialism through the hatred of Tom Van Dorn.

When he came to consciousness he saw Laura there in the crowd and said:

" 'Come in, Laura—I need you.' "

Then Laura nursed Grant back to life and as she nursed she began to see his visions; and to dream his dreams of service for the laboring men; and she began to see the contrast between his life and that of the Fool who said in his heart that there was no God.

When she went into the room where Grant lay she saw his body twisting and twitching; the sweat on his face and where his right hand should have been, only a brown, charred stump.

Somebody explained it to her in a whisper:

" 'White hot lead pig at the smelter—Grant saw that it was going to kill Hogan and grabbed it.' "

The Inevitable Conclusion Which Is the Cross of Calvary

Then followed the long bitter fight between the selfish interest of the city and the rights of the laboring men. Grant had taught them their

rights. He was trying to bring about a peaceful strike for those rights. But Tom Van Dorn and the merchants and capitalists of the town called him a "fanatical fool" and because of their control of the police department and the courts condemned him to jail.

He had committed no criminal act but there was no justice in the town. That was throttled by those who owned the mills. Tom Van Dorn was their tool.

Grant Adams knew that the feelings of the town were aroused to white heat because of an explosion that had occurred the day before when several guards at the mill were killed. He knew that there was danger that he would be taken out and killed.

Then came the warning that that was exactly the thing which was to be done, and that, with the connivance of Tom Van Dorn the judge, the mob was to be permitted to take Grant from the jail and murder him in a field by the Golf Club.

That night it so happened that Tom Van Dorn was having a little dinner party on the side porch of the Golf Club. It was midnight and he was drunk.

His emaciated face showed the marks of the sin in his soul. The crowd had already dragged Grant Adams from the jail. They had stripped him naked and had tarred and feathered him.

They were making him bow to kiss the flag of his country. They were wild with mob anger.

Yes, Grant Adams died; yes Grant Adams was crucified as Christ was crucified; and Tom Van Dorn sat on a porch of the Country Club and sneered as it was done; even writing a sign to put above his head; and Tom Van Dorn prospered materially and kept his power but HE DIED IN HIS SOUL just as Grant Adams faced the Dawn of a New Eternity.

Chapter VII

The Woman of Knockaloe

HALL CAINE

Text: *John* 15:12: "This is my commandment that ye love one another, as I have loved you!"

This is exactly what Mona and Oskar do; they love one another to death.

This greatest Hall Caine story is another Calvary:

"O woman, when I think of thee;
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

These two lines sum up the spirit of the book. It leaves us in the face of Calvary's cross with dimmed eyes; broken hearts; bowed heads; but with a new spirit hovering over our souls; a new recognition of the height, and depth, and breadth of love! love! love!

Let us change that beautiful two lines to read and sing:

"O Mona, when I think of thee
'Tis but a step to Calvary!"

This story of Hall Caine's takes us to the foot of the Cross.

These two young lovers, like Jesus himself were pursued on all sides because they loved—and at last were cornered by a cruel mob of ruthless injustice—until they died in each other's arms at the bottom of the sea.

I want all people who believe in love, who believe in sacrifice, who believe that real love is everlasting, who believe in the nobility of womanhood, who believe in the church, who believe in Christ and his death on Calvary to hear and know this story of the "The Woman of Knockaloe."

This is a story of Hate, of Love and of Sacrifice.

This is the story of War and of a Peace that is more hellish than war.

This is the story of four characters: A girl, Mona; a brother, Bobbie; a father, and a sweetheart. This foundation is the foundation of the structure of life. It deals with the great quadrangle instead of the despicable triangle. There is here Brother Love, Sister Love, Father Love, Man Love, Woman Love, in conflict.

The First Is Father

What a strangely beautiful word this is when it is understood as some of us understand it.

Only those of us really understand it who have been left without a mother, or a father who was both mother and father to us for years; a father who came home at night after working from dawn to darkness; came home to sew up and darn five little pairs of stockings; working long into the night.

Those of us who have awakened know what a sob in the throat is; who have awakened to see that father bent over a workbasket darning five pairs of little stockings that five little tots might go to Sunday School the next day. That is what a Mother-Father is. We know.

So did Mona know, in her little island-home what Father-love meant.

The story is dramatized on a large farm called Knockaloe. This farm is on the Isle of Man, where Hall Caine loves to lay his plots. This farm was taken over as an Internment Camp by the British and thousands of German civilian prisoners were sent here. The only girl on the farm was Mona.

Her father was a local preacher and he loved to preach.

One day he said: "I'm not much good at farming now, but man, I love to preach!"

We take to this kindly old fellow on the jump because of this vehement love of his for preaching.

We like a fellow who likes to do a thing with his whole heart.

We like a fellow who runs to the job of preaching like a swimmer runs to the sea and plunges in head first—all over, deep, deep, deep, without mental reservation, without hesitation, with utter abandonment. That kind of a fellow is the kind that succeeds and wins. There will be many a fine lesson taught by this beautiful story but none more important than the lesson taught by this phrase of Mona's father who says:

"I'm not too good at the farming now, but man, I love to preach!"

Then comes the great war into the midst of the peace of Knockaloe and Robbie goes.

This going of Robbie's breaks Mona's heart. She cannot understand or comprehend it. Robbie is her pal and her lover. He is the only lover she has ever had. He is the best pal she has ever had.

Mona hates the Germans.

She hates them with a fury like the fury of the seas that beat upon this Isle of Man.

She hates them like the fury of the storms that in winter blow over Knockaloe.

She hates them as the wild bulls of Knockaloe hate each other when they fight to the death.

When Robbie goes away Mona cannot be consoled but her preacher father says to her:

"God's way is on the sea, and His path is on the great deep."

Says Mona in answer to her father's scripture: "Why doesn't God hunt the whole race of wild beasts off the face of the earth? I would if I was God! I despise the beastly Germans with all my soul!"

But the old father goes off to bed, saying as he goes:

"You're hard, woman, you're hard!"

The next day the announcement is made that the Germans are coming to Knockaloe in the Internment Camp. As Mona watches them winding up from the villages to the barbed wire camp she thinks that they look like a "long, black serpent!"

Mona despises them and cries out: "The hypocrites! The traitors! The Beasts!"

The old preacher father replies: "You're hard, woman, you're hard!"

Then comes the news that Robbie has been killed in action.

When the news comes the old father falls into a stroke of apoplexy from which he never recovers.

Mona does not cry but her eyes flash and her nostrils quiver and her hatred is deeper than ever for Germans as a race. She goes out into the night and cries out her hatred:

"May God punish them! Every one of them! Not their kings and kaisers only, but every man, woman, and child! If he does not, there is no God at all—there cannot be!"

Mona's Hatred Turns to Love

Then came love into Mona's life.

It came when Oskar came—a clean, fine German boy who was in the camp.

Mona knows that her hatred is turned; that she is beginning to love one of these hated Germans; that she is doing the thing that she despises herself for.

She knows that she is beginning to love one of these beasts who have killed her brother, set the world on fire, and crushed her father.

She knows that love is sweeping in like a full running tide at flood; like a mighty river in its spring fullness, fed by melting snows; like a cloud burst; like an avalanche; and that there is no way of stopping it. That is the way love comes. This book is a psychological study in love.

It is first of all, a study of a girl's love for her father, a girl's love for her brother; a girl's hate of the Germans and then the story of how that hate is turned to love. This book will open a wide field for a study of the psychology of love.

The night she discovered that she loved Oskar

she went out alone under the stars of her beloved Knockaloe and prayed:

"Oh God, forgive me! Forgive me!" and she thinks and feels as if she would like to beat herself for her sin of loving a German boy.

The tide is in. "Stop! Stop! Stop tides of Love! But you may as well try to stop an earthquake! You may as well try to stop a typhoon such as swept Japanese shores. You might as well try to stop a conflagration such as devastated Japan, as to try to stop love when it comes sweeping in.

Love is like a prairie fire!
Love is like an avalanche!
Love is like a tidal wave!
Love is like an earthquake!
Love is like a cloud-burst!
Love is like a typhoon!
Love is like Eternity!

You can't stop it. Like a tidal wave it comes in at its own sweet will! It sweeps you before it.

"Oh God forgive me! Forgive me for loving a German!" Mona prayed but the tidal wave of love swept in, in spite of her appeal to God.

One day Oskar brings her a little box from his German friend, Ludwig's mother, and asks her to lay the little flowers that the box contains, on Ludwig's grave.

"What does it say?" Mona asks.

" 'With mother's everlasting love!' "

Love! The whole book is the story of love; of father love; of brother love; of sister love; of man and woman love; of mother love.

"O woman when I think of thee
'Tis but a step to Calvary!"

Then one day Oskar brings Mona a silver lever watch. It was Robbie's and she recognized it at once.

"Where did you get this?" she asks Oskar.

Then he tells of how a German chum of his was on the front lines one night and heard a boy crying—calling for his mother. At last the German boy could stand it no longer and said to his fellows:

"Look here, lads, I can't listen to this chap any longer; I'm going to fetch him in!"

The German went out—and this dying British lad said: "Look here, Fritz old chap, if you live to go home send this to my sister; she lives at Knockaloe."

Mona received this watch from Oskar with the cry on her lips:

"Oh God, my God, why do men make wars?"

And this is the third lesson of this great book.

"Oh God, my God, why do men make wars?"

And David Lloyd George says in his book,

"Where Are We Going" and Will Irwin says in his book, "Christ or Mars"—and every writer who is writing books these days about war says that war will cease when the church of God unites in a demand that war stop and that there is no other hope for universal peace than through the church. And this book by Hall Caine, in addition to being a tremendous story of love, is also a tremendous indictment of war and its aftermath—particularly of its aftermath—which is worse than war itself.

"Oh God, my God, why do men make war?" is the cry of every mother, daughter, sweetheart on earth!

Then Comes the Peace

Peace!

It is too good to be true.

She can now love Oskar openly and without criticism. Peace has come. They marry honorably and live at Knockaloe.

Christmas is here. She helps to give the German boys a Christmas Eve Party. They sing the old Christmas hymns: "Noel! Noel!" "Silent Night!". "Lead Kindly Light"—The story of the first Christmas is read.

"A dim, mysterious, divine majesty seems to have come down on all the troubled world. Thank God! Thank God! Thank God! is the

uplifted prayer of gratitude that flows from Mona's heart."

Tragedy Follows Peace

First there is the tragedy of her father's curse. Her father hates her for loving a German. He calls down a curse upon her and dies in a fit of anger when he discovers that she loves Oskar.

Second, there is the curse of society. The whole community ostracized poor Mona for loving Oskar—clean, and fine as he is. Her own servants desert her because she is known to love a German. There is a faint hope in her heart that they may go to Germany and live, but Oskar's parents send word that they will refuse to recognize a daughter who is English. The war hatred works even in Germany. His mother writes that she would rather see him dead than to come home with an English wife. "Your English wife will be a leper whom no one will touch," writes his own mother.

Then they think of going to America, but America requires that they have something, so that an immigrant will not be a burden to the nation. They have nothing, for in a few days, even Mona's farm is auctioned off to pay a war debt and she had nothing left.

Every place they turn defeat crushes them.

They cannot love and live in their own country,

nor in Germany, nor in America the hope of the world. They are treated like outcasts and lepers everywhere because they love.

One evening Mona goes up to feed the cattle and sees three great bulls fighting. One of them is her own young bull—small and lithe; and the two others are old and large, and black, and have iron rings in their nostrils.

They gore the young bull frightfully. He is bleeding horribly and trying desperately to escape. The edge of the field is a steep cliff that runs to the bottom of the sea. The two old bulls finally force the young bull to leap over the cliff in desperation.

Mona has been watching this unfair and uneven fight between the two old bulls and the young one. She is trembling. She turns and Oskar is standing there.

"It was horrible, wasn't it?"

"Horrible."

"So cruel and cowardly."

"Yes," he says from between clenched teeth, "And so damnably human!"

Then Comes the Church Scene and the Great Resolve

Mona went to church and they turned from her in scorn. This too is "So human." Nine times out of ten it is what would happen in the modern

church. But it is not what Christ did—the founder of the church.

It was Easter Sunday. She has made up her mind to die with Oskar in the sea but she will go to church for the last time.

The congregation look at her and:

"She feels as if they are thinking of her as the kind of woman-penitent, who, in the old days, used to stand at the door of the church in her shame. That thought stops her and she remains where she is standing."

The last hymn before the sermon is:

"Jesus Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

She has known this hymn all her life, but, since she has resolved to die in the sea, it seems that she never understood that hymn until today:

"While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high."

Lonely outcast that she is; father and brother dead; despised by the parents of her lover; hated by her own kind—rejected of men—with no where to lay her head, she stands at the door—a pathetic figure and listens to the sermon.

Strangely enough it is about the last days of Jesus—of how his enemies hedged him about and

drove him like some dumb beast to the slaughter of the Cross—to the cliff like the young bull had been driven—like all the world was driving her.

The preacher said that Jesus might have avoided death but that he died to prove to the world that nothing mattered to man save the welfare of his own soul. That was all that mattered.

Nothing mattered to Jesus. It was nothing to Jesus that he was hated and despised and crucified. Nothing mattered but love; and, because he loved the world, he died for it. So would she die for Oskar because she loved him. That was all that mattered.

She tells Oskar of her desire to die that he may be alone and free. Oskar decides to die with her. For even the church has cast them out.

Her death and his are raised to the heights of exaltation when they decide that their death will shake the world awake to the world's bitter cruelties, and that, perhaps, it may end all war.

"Do you think that vain and foolish, Oskar—that we should do as he did—of our own free will, to save the world from all this hate and bitterness?"

The lad threw up his head—his eyes were streaming with tears.

"No! No! For God's in His Heaven, Mona!"

"So, even if the churches are all that you say, there's Jesus still."

"Yes, yes, there's Jesus still, Mona!"

Yes folks, there's Jesus still. The church may be feeble and stumbling. It may make mistakes. It may misinterpret Christ—it does. We admit it. It is selfish. It is aristocratic. It is too much with the world.

But there's Jesus still. And he stands, he lives, he dies!

There's Jesus still folks!

Then two lonely souls walk the high cliffs at dawn.

These are the cliffs of dawn to them.

When they come to the edge, above the sea, they kneel together and pray, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

Then they sing their hymn:

"Jesus Lover of my soul
Lass mich an dein Brust liegen."

Mona turns to Oskar saying: "The time has come, hasn't it Oskar?"

"Yes, the time has come, Mona."

"I can kiss you now can't I?"

He puts his arms about her and their lips meet in their first and their last kiss.

"God bless you for loving me Oskar."

"And God bless you too, Mona. And now good-bye!"

And Oskar added: "Until—then."

"The sun rises above the horizon in a blaze of glory. The broad sea sings her everlasting song. The cliff head is empty."

It is dawn on the earth.

It is eternal dawn for Mona and Oskar, for a month later, some fishermen pick their bodies up, still clasped in each other's arms, with a smile of peace on their countenances.

"For I have loved you with an everlasting love."

"Love is strong as death; jealousy is as cruel as the grave. . . . Many, many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

"Oh woman, when I think of thee;
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

Such is this great story of an undying love.

"Oh Mona, when I think of thee;
'Tis but a step to Calvary."

Chapter VIII

The Mountain School Teacher

MELVILLE D. POST

Text: *Matt.* 14-36: "And besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

It is a most significant thing that the publishing world is sending forth many books that attempt to put Jesus Christ into modern life. We know in other years the popularity of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "The Servant in the House," "The Miracle Man," "They Call Me Carpenter," "In His Steps," "Ben Hur," and a score of others. And now comes this beautiful story of Christ in the mountains; Christ in the village among the humble folks. Most of these other books have dealt with Christ in city life, but this book deals with Christ among more humble village people.

We naturally think of that beautiful art picture in the Metropolitan Palace of Fine Arts, entitled "Christ Among the Lowly." Christ stands at the door of this home just about to enter. The

evening meal is in progress. The father and mother watch him with wistful eyes; pleased that one so gracious should enter their humble home. The children seem to understand him even as he understands them, and their eyes are lighted with a beautiful light as of children who have found a friend forever.

It is little wonder then, that the artist who illustrates this beautiful book has made for it a colored frontispiece showing the School Teacher sitting at a humble log cabin mountain home asking grace while a little child with golden hair sits with bowed head and crossed hands. The mother stands ready to serve, with her head bowed, and her hands crossed over her breast.

It is a good thing for America to be called back, these careless days to the simple things of home and Christ. At Christmas time particularly is it well that we forget for a time the turmoil of our turbulent lives and get back to Christ and simplicity. This book does that for us. If it does nothing else than that, it has, indeed, done much for our souls!

The book opens with a tall, gaunt ungainly man walking along the backbone of a mountain in the fall time. The path has almost been obliterated by the leaves. A little boy is going to mill with a sack of grain over an old ox. The grain slips to the ground and the little boy is trying

to get it back. He finds the task impossible. Then along comes the Teacher. The little boy takes to him at once and loves him.

The School Teacher was wise in the ways of dealing with children so he pretended that the boy was helping and he let the lad lift one end of the sack and finally they lifted it back in place.

The boy said, as he lifted his head, put his hands on his hips with a look of radiant pride:

"We got it up all right, didn't we—both a-liftin'?"

This scene marks the School Teacher as a strangely Christ-like figure. He understands children and this is the first characteristic of a Christ-like man or woman; one who understands and loves children.

This Christ-like characteristic cannot be camouflaged. Many people try it, but spurious love for children is soon detected by children themselves. Counterfeit coin of affection cannot be passed off on children. They are too beautifully and instinctively wise. It must be genuine or nothing with a child.

This is one of the first characteristics of the Christ-like; a deep, genuine love for children. I have seen men and women who could not pass a little child without a thrill. I have seen men and women who could not pass a child without

kissing it on the cheek. I have seen men and women whose hearts were so Christ-like that they could not pass children playing on a busy street without a desire to play with them.

All the way through this book the Mountain School Teacher lives his life with children. The children of the mountain understand him and love him with complete abandonment, but the adults do not all understand him.

David brought the stranger who had helped him home for a bite of supper. David's mother was worried about him. She kept looking up the mountain path to the west where the sun had long since gone down. Then suddenly she saw a strange procession coming down from the ridge; a tall man leading the old ox, and a boy—her boy, David, riding astride the ox. The tall man had a strangely beautiful look about him. She shaded her eyes and looked again:

"Brought her bent palm to her forehead and looked up the mountain to see if some stray bit of the setting sun had entered the valley."

That was the impression that the Stranger left everywhere. It seemed as if where he passed, some strange bit of the setting sun had entered the valley or had entered a home or had entered a human heart.

What a beautiful thing it would be if wherever we passed by it seemed as if, in our passing,

some stray bit of the setting sun, the golden, crimson glow and glory of the setting sun had entered that home and that church and that lodge room, and that business office, and that life where we passed?

That is what the passing of a real Christ-Man always leaves behind.

David's mother bade the Teacher enter and have food.

As he entered that humble home the author says:

"The woman took her fat right hand from her hips, and began to brush the skirt of her calico dress, although there was nothing on it to remove."

The very Presence of the Teacher made folks want to wipe them clean of their dirt and filth. That is what Christ's presence does to all of us; it makes us want to clean house in our souls.

Martha was the little girl in the mountain home and her mother had sent her to the spring for water. She was a long time in returning and she needed the water for the evening cakes. She looked out and smiled as she saw Martha with her calico dress snuggled up beside the Teacher who was telling her a story just as if they had known each other for years, instead of for minutes.

The cold, stern, orthodox preacher of the

mountains who believed in "Hell-fire and Brimstone and the fear of God" did not like the Teacher. He instinctively hated him. It is a vivid picture of a narrow-minded churchman who has forgotten his religion in formalism. He is attending a funeral and asks the mother of Martha and David about the new Teacher:

"What kind of a man is he?"

"He's a man that the children will like," replied the woman.

"Children," said the preacher, "are not competent judges of men."

"I think he is a good man," said the woman. "Martha loved him right away, an' I'd trust him with anything I've got."

The children loved him but the old preacher hated him.

Presently the preacher and the teacher met face to face. They had some conversation that is worth recording, for that conversation pictures a great principle.

The preacher: "Do you think you are old enough to teach the children the fear of God?"

The teacher: "I shall not teach them the fear of God."

The preacher: "Then I don't see how you are going to give them any Christian instruction."

The man looked up into the preacher's face.

"Isn't there something growing over your eye?" he said.

And sure enough there was a strange physical obstruction growing over the eye of the preacher; an obstruction about which he was supersensitive.

It is a simple and yet a vivid picture.

It is a symbol. Whenever a father or a mother gets to thinking; or a teacher or a preacher; that the thing to teach a child is the "Fear of God" there is something growing over the eyes of the soul of those who so teach.

"God is Love! God is Not Fear!"

I remember most distinctly once when in a mood of childish defiance and feeling in my six year old strength I said to my mother: "I'm not afraid of you Mother!"

My mother replied: "I don't want you to be afraid of me! I want you to love me!"

So it is with God and Christ. He doesn't want children or grown ups to be afraid of him. He wants them to love him.

The children hated and feared the preacher in the mountain community, but they loved the Teacher.

Why?

Because the preacher taught them the "Fear of God" and the Teacher taught them the "Love of God."

Watch Christ with little children and see if you can detect anything in his attitude towards children that would make you think that he wanted children to fear him. Watch him as he gathers the little brown Hebrew babes against his breast and kisses them, while their mothers flush with joy; watch him as he tells the world that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" and see if you can detect any place where Christ wants children to fear him.

No, the old day when the church and preachers had the idea that they must be feared and bowed down to by people is past. No preacher wants to be set aside. No preacher wants to be called by some stately title. No real preacher wants so to be on his professional dignity that children or any others are afraid of him. All he wants is the love of his people. The old days and the old customs are past. The day has come when children know that the preacher loves them and that they find his arms and his heart open. They are no longer afraid of the preacher and the preacher who tries to throw around himself an atmosphere of false dignity and awe, as if he were some divine Oracle is of the dead past. He is "hanging on to the hind legs of antiquity!" The day is now here when folks call their preachers by their first names and by nicknames and that is as it should be. The day of a "Fear Re-

ligion" is past and the day of a "Love Religion" is here. The day of a "Fear of God" Church is past and the day of love is here. Thank God for that!

So the mountain preacher and the mountain teacher held different views of religion and the preacher hated the teacher and immediately planned his downfall and final death.

The third scene that illustrates the relations of the teacher with the children was one cold, frosty morning. The teacher has stepped out of his cabin and has taken a drink from an old spring. When he looked up he saw coming along the path three figures; a child about two years of age, a woman and a yellow dog. The child saw the teacher and instinctively ran to him and jumped into his arms which were already outstretched to receive him.

The child turned and pointed his fingers to two catbirds in a bush and said, "Giggles!"

"He means them birds," said the mother. "He's got a kind of a talk of his own, baby has."

"I understand him perfectly," said the man.

"Do you?" said the woman smiling. "I thought nobody could understand him but me. You must take to little children."

"I love little children," replied the School-Teacher.

Then the child put his hand in the pocket of

his apron and drew out a battered toy—a cheap, painted, wooden toy, so broken and worn, that no one could tell what animal it was originally intended to represent and gave it to the teacher. They found this toy in the teacher's hand when he was shot.

"Little children are very wonderful," he said.

"They are wonderful," replied the mother. "Do you have any?"

"No. I was never married."

"Was there ever any little children at your house?"

"My father's house," replied the school teacher, "is full of little children."

"I could a told that you was used to little children and that they liked you the way Sonny takes to you. Babies and dogs allers knows!"

The fourth episode in the life of the teacher and his relations with little children was when one of the little children who had been put in his care fell into the mill-race and was seemingly drowned.

"Sal" was telling the doctor about it all one day.

"I reckon I was crazy! The little boy was layin' on the bed, and the school teacher was a bendin' over him. I could see the boy was dead and Lord a' mighty! I thought I'd die! I jumped off the porch and run!"

"I reckon I was crazy! I just run and run and run down the road for about a mile. Then I thought I heard the school teacher a callin' me. An' I come back with my apron over my head a-cryin'. An' when I got right here in the road, I did hear him, an' he said, 'Don't be distressed, for the child is all right.' An' I took my apron off my head, an' looked in the door, an' there sat the school teacher by the stove with the little boy wrapped in a blanket—an' HE WAS ALIVE! HE WAS ALIVE! HE WAS ALIVE!"

The fifth episode that illustrates the relations of the School Teacher to children was a movement in the school to get the teacher a new hat. He had lost his hat helping somebody. The hat drained the resources of the poor mountain children. They gave up everything to this end. They worked day and night out of school hours but the final sum they mustered was only sixty-four cents. The whole school cried all the next day.

Then somebody thought of a bushel of hickory nuts gathered from the mountainside to make up the remainder of the dollar that a hat would cost.

But they could not gather nuts on Saturday because they had to work at home on that day. They decided to do it on Sunday. They did. The preacher was indignant. When he asked them why they had done it, they said that an angel had

come down through the roof of the schoolhouse and told them to do it.

This was the climax. This School Teacher must be driven from the mountains for he was teaching the children irreverence. Besides there was the episode with the wicked woman.

He could use this as a weapon also.

The Teacher had an attitude toward women also, as well as toward children.

And, after all, a man's religion can pretty well be told by his attitude toward women and children.

One morning this Magdalene of the Mountains came swaggering through the lane from her night of sin; painted, singing, "her hair heavy and yellow like wheat straw; her face covered with cheap powder such as could be had at the village store."

The School Teacher watched her coming. He did not speak. She had heard of him and came at him defiantly.

Then suddenly her song ceased.

Then her head went up and her eyes opened wide. She remained as if the power to move had been stricken out of her body. Suddenly her mouth, which was open to sing, closed. Then her expression turned to one of profound astonishment. Her foot lifted to step, but dropped.

The teacher did not speak. The sun descending behind him slowly crept up the road to his feet.

The woman's face again changed. It became troubled. She moved closer and closer to this strange figure. Then, suddenly, with a swift gesture she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. Her body shook, as with convulsions. The tears streamed through her fingers.

"Poor child," the Teacher said and would have bent over and touched her yellow hair, but she sprang up like some wild thing and ran off into the woods.

The Teacher went home. He waited all night and did not sleep. He knew that this woman needed him and that she would come back to him. He sat up all the night.

Then he heard footsteps. The Magdalene of the Mountains had come back to him and his healing power.

"The purple stains on her mouth, the powder on her face were gone. Her hair, too, had been cleansed of its cheap scent. The swagger and defiance and color had gone."

"It looked as though the whole fabric of the woman had been washed with water."

"Oh!" she said, "I thought you were asleep."

"No, I have been waiting for you."

"Then you thought I would come?"

"I knew that you would come."

"I had to come," she said, "I could not go back to—the other!"

"No," he said, "you could never go back to that."

"An'—an'—I had nowhere else to go."

"I knew that—there is no place you could go except to me."

The Magdalene of the Mountains was won and saved. She had washed her soul in the Christ. She had cleansed her body and her soul. "It was as if she had been washed in water." Then she came back to the Teacher because there was no place else for her to go. She could not go back to her sin.

What a beautiful scene it is: "As if the whole fabric of the woman had been washed with water."

That is what we all need. We all need to wash off the paint and to wash the cheap perfume away from our souls and to wash the sin out of our hearts in the fountain that flows from Calvary.

This gave the preacher his chance. Not only had the Teacher taught the children not to fear God; which was heresy, but the Teacher had harbored a Magdalene in his home.

The preacher hated him because he was Christlike.

The doctor hated him because he had raised the child from death and because he was curing folks without medicine.

The lawyers hated him because he had gotten some property and they had gotten no graft.

This trio finally killed him as is the way of greed and graft and sin always.

But when they buried him out under two beautiful trees as the sun was rising, a little baby named Jim, looked back as his mother carried him away from the grave.

The sun rose a disk of gold between the two great hickories where they had laid him.

"The tiny boy moved in his mother's arms."

"Nim see Teacher," he said.

That was the Resurrection in a child's heart!

The little children had touched the garment of his life. The women had touched the hem of his spirit; the sick and lame and needy had reached out helpless hands to THE MOUNTAIN SCHOOL TEACHER; and they:

> "Besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

Chapter IX

Abraham Lincoln—A Drama

JOHN DRINKWATER

Text: *Psalm* 121:1: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

I have been talking with an Englishman on a ship crossing the South China Sea about John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," that great dramatic interpretation of our own martyred President's life and spirit.

I had a feeling of jealousy that it took an English poet to set to dramatic music the lyric of our own Lincoln's life. It didn't seem just right to me.

In this mood I said to the intelligent Englishman with whom I was discussing it on the ship deck, "It doesn't seem just right that one of your English poets should be the man to interpret Lincoln in the drama."

He responded with a smile, "But you forget that Lincoln is not alone America's great man. He belongs to all nations. He is just as much ours as yours. Just as Cromwell, with whom

Drinkwater links Lincoln in the Prologue to his play, is America's as well as England's, so Lincoln is ours as well as yours. Indeed he belongs to the whole world."

Then I remembered two phrases, one spoken by a great American, "Lincoln's heart was as big as the world but there was in it no room, even for the memory of a single wrong." And the other phrase was one spoken by Stanton as Lincoln's heartbeat ceased, a phrase with which Drinkwater aptly and dramatically closes his play: "Now he belongs to the ages."

Knowing Drinkwater, I knew that this poetic drama of Lincoln's life would surely contain material for a Dramatic Book Sermon.

Also, knowing Lincoln's life, I knew that no man could write of it without the spiritual element of that writing being predominantly spiritual. I was not disappointed.

The play is in six scenes. The author does not call them acts. Indeed they are not acts. Rather they are episodes in Lincoln's life. Each scene is introduced by "Two Chroniclers" who speak in poetic language the suggestions of the scenes to follow their appearance. These are great poetic utterances.

These two Chroniclers in introducing the first scene, which is the parlor in Lincoln's Springfield

home parallel Cromwell and Lincoln's great leadership in the following verse:

"*First Chronicler:* Once when a peril touched
the days
Of freedom in our English ways,
And none renowned in government
Was equal found,
Came to the steadfast heart of one,
Who watched in lonely Huntingdon,
A summons and he went,
And tyranny was bound,
And Cromwell was the Lord of his event."
"*Second Chronicler:* And in that land
where voyaging
The pilgrim Mayflower came to rest,
Among the chosen, counselling,
Once, when bewilderment possessed
A people, none there was might draw
To fold the wandering thoughts of men,
And make as one the names again
Of liberty and law.

And then from fifty fameless years
In quiet Illinois was sent
A word that still the Atlantic hears
And Lincoln was the Lord of his event."

And then the two Chroniclers speak in unison before the curtain rises on the first scene of this great play; speak of that great spirit, that guiding God of destiny, who sits back within the shadows, "keeping watch above his own," speak with high poetic voice:

"*The two speaking together:* So the uncounted spirit wakes
To the birth
Of uncounted circumstance.
And time in a generation makes
Portents majestic a little story of earth
To be remembered by chance.
At a fireside.
But the ardors that they bear,
The proud and invincible motions of character—
These—these abide!"

Then follows a simple, revealing, dramatic picture of Lincoln in his own humble home with a few neighbors in. It reveals the love of his neighbors for Lincoln. The outstanding moment in this scene is when, after discussing the possibility of Lincoln's being called to the great task of the Presidency, he drinks a toast to friendship with a harmless cordial because he will not drink whiskey:

"*Lincoln:* Samuel, Timothy—I drink to the hope of honest friends, Mary, to friendship. I'll need that always for I've a queer, anxious heart. And, God bless America!"

I doubt if there are more revealing lines in all dramatic poetry; more revealing of a great man's anxious heart.

"For I've a queer, anxious heart. And, God bless America."

Somehow the poet has caught Lincoln's spirit in those lines and we are won to him at once. No person who has studied and loved Lincoln but will reach out a warm hand of comradeship to Poet Drinkwater. He has captured with a heart of understanding and love, the soul of Lincoln. We forget some historical inaccuracies and some technical blunderings remembering that Drinkwater, Englishman that he is, has put into his drama the real Lincoln, the heart Lincoln, the Lincoln of Ida M. Tarbell; the Lincoln that was human; the Lincoln we love.

The close of scene one is big with wonder to the Christian heart. Lincoln has listened to the committee that has been sent by the Republican Convention to offer him the nomination for the Presidency. He had thoughtfully accepted. It is a rite with him. It is a tremendously solemn, pregnant moment, big with the birth of great events; sacred events; events in which the life of a nation, the fate of a race, the peace of a world are at stake.

The Committee leaves after Lincoln has accepted.

The stage is empty of all save this lonely figure on whom the burden of the world seems to rest.

He does not speak for some moments. One can imagine the stillness of the theatre in the face of such a subtle dramatic scene.

One feels it even as he reads the play. It is such a moment that one feels that if a leaf falls, or a feather flutters, or a woman sighs, the whole audience will sob aloud.

> "God, I do fear
> Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year,
> Prithee let fall
> No burning leaf, let no bird call."

Such a moment is the closing of scene one in this great play.

Lincoln goes over to a map that hangs on the humble wall of his home and looks at it. He then turns to the table again, and kneels beside it, possessed and deliberate, burying his face in his hands.

My main object in this sermon is not to give the dramatic movement of this poet's play, but to hand on to my audience the great spiritual moments of the play.

Before getting on the next great spiritual moment I shall but briefly suggest that in the second scene ten months have passed, Lincoln is elected and the location is in Seward's room at Washington, where two representatives of the

South have come to bribe Seward to get Mr. Lincoln to withdraw from Fort Sumter. It is a treacherous thing to do and a disloyal thing for Seward to allow to be done. Mr. Lincoln steps into the room in the midst of the private conversation and, with characteristic frankness, goes straight to the heart of the treachery, wins this group of men to him, and makes it plain that there shall be no compromise.

The First Chronicler introduces the third scene with this revealing and interpreting verse:

> "Two years of darkness, and this man but grows
> Greater in resolution, more constant in compassion.
> He goes
> The way of dominion in pitiful, high-hearted fashion."

Then follows a scene in a small reception room in the White House where Lincoln is entertaining some women callers. It gives the author a chance to contrast two types of women, one who has hate in her heart for the southerners; a thing that Mr. Lincoln despises, and a woman who hates war but sends her son in sacrifice. Then comes in the old darkey preacher and Lincoln sits and talks with him just as if he were a white man. It is one of the most striking moments of the play.

Custis (the negro): "I think I older than Mista Lincoln."

Lincoln: "Yes, I expect you are. I'm fifty-four."

Custis: "I seventy-two."

Lincoln: "I hope I shall look as young when I'm seventy-two."

Custis: "Cold water, much walk, believe in Lord Jesus Christ. Have always little herbs learnt when a little nigger. Mista Lincoln try. Very good."

Scene IV

The two Chroniclers speak together a high thought in introducing the fourth scene of this tremendous play. It is made up of five lines worth going down in the immortal ranks of great quotations:

"When the high
heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great."

And a thought please: Maybe that's why America has become the great spiritual nation that it is; because it has had the wit to worship the greatness of its Lincoln and in worshipping has become great itself. Who shall say?

Scene four is a Cabinet meeting in Washington. McClellan has defeated Lee and the first hope gleams across a black sky.

Hook, the "extra" member of Lincoln's cabinet, whom Drinkwater has introduced, opposes Lincoln's decision to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. It is a bitter, unreasoning opposition and here Lincoln shows the granite that is in his character when he once makes up his mind and sees the right. One sentence shows where his confidence rests.

Margaret Cameron in "The Seven Purposes," a recent book says that, "All pure purpose is fearless."

And in this decision Lincoln seems to be fortified with a pure purpose that is fearless as granite, as pure as a baby's lips.

In response to Hook's protests against issuing the Proclamation he says in impassioned language:

"For long now I have had two fixed resolves. To preserve the Union and to abolish slavery. How to preserve the Union I was always clear, and more than two years of bitterness have not dulled my vision. We have fought for the Union and we are now winning for the Union. When and how to proclaim abolition I have all this time been uncertain. I am uncertain no longer. A few weeks ago, I saw that, too, clearly. So soon, I said to myself, as the rebel army shall be

driven out of Maryland, and it becomes plain to the world that victory is assured to us in the end, the time will have come to announce that with victory and a vindicated Union will come abolition. I made that promise to myself—AND TO MY MAKER!"

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help." Lincoln lived, and he might have said in response to Hook's criticisms, Lincoln was never more sure of himself than at this great moment. He had in his soul the strength of the "Fearless Purpose" because it was a "Pure Purpose!" He had promised his God to do this thing!

The Sentry Pardoned

Scene five is the scene where Lincoln pardons the sleeping boy sentinel. No scene in all the play is so beautifully, so delicately done by poet Drinkwater. It is a pet moment in our American history, one which we hold to our breasts in our more tender moments, as a mother holds her babe with a sob in our throats and tears in our eyes. We are that way with this moment in our nation's history and we demand that it be treated with delicacy. Drinkwater has done that to the satisfaction of the most fastidious.

Lincoln is making one of his many visits to

the front. The scene is Grant's headquarters in a farmhouse. Lincoln is told of the sentry who has fallen asleep, after he had volunteered to take a fellow soldier's place following a long march. His heart is touched. He calls the boy in.

"Lincoln: The General tells me you have been court-martialled.

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: Asleep on guard?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: It's a very serious offense.

Scott: I know, sir.

Lincoln: What was it?

Scott (a pause): I couldn't keep awake, sir.

Lincoln: You'd had a long march?

Scott: Twenty-three miles, sir.

Lincoln: You were doing double guard duty?

Scott: Yes, sir.

Lincoln: Who ordered you?

Scott: Well, sir, I offered.

Lincoln: Why?

Scott: Enoch White—he was sick, sir. We came from the same place.

Lincoln: There, there, my boy. You're not going to be shot.

Scott (after a pause): Not going to be shot, sir?

Lincoln: No, no.

Scott: Not — going — to — be — shot? (He breaks down sobbing.)

Lincoln (rising and going to him): There, there. I believe you when you tell me that you couldn't keep awake. I'm going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. (He goes back to his seat.)

Scott: When may I go back, sir?

Lincoln: You can go back tomorrow. I expect the fighting will be over though.

Scott: Is it over yet, sir?

Lincoln: Not quite.

Scott: Please sir, let me go back tonight—let me go back tonight.

Lincoln: Very well."

At the conclusion of this scene Lee's surrender to Grant takes place and it is a beautiful picture of American chivalry; one that stirs the American heart once again as he sees it thus dramatized in this play. The last scene which is the sixth scene takes place in Ford's Theatre and is the assassination scene. Then came the death scene with Stanton's immortal words, as Lincoln had breathed his last:

"Now he belongs to the ages."

Then follows the Chronicler with the concluding lines before the curtain falls on the last act and leaves a silent reverence in the hearts of those who see the play and read the book:

"But, as we spoke, presiding everywhere
Upon event was one man's character.
And that endures; it is the token sent
Always to man for man's own government."

Great truths throb and beat through this Lincoln Drama.

"Now endeth the reading of the lesson!" And what truths have we been taught in this Drama Sermon?

First: That a man who trusts God will always be "The Lord of his event!"

"My strength is as the strength of ten because my heart is pure." was never more beautifully illustrated than in the life of Lincoln. With his entire cabinet against him, the army defeated, the Senate fighting him; a Republican Caucus arranged to ask Lincoln's resignation if he did not get a new Cabinet; with defeat staring him in the face everywhere he turned to his God for two days; came back and said to the Senate Committee that had come, asking his resignation: "I am Master! Go back and tell the Senate that I am Master!"

At every stage in the progress of the war, "Lincoln was the Lord of his event," because he kept close to God.

Second Lesson: That we become great just to that extent that we worship greatness.

"When the high
heart we magnify,
And the sure vision celebrate,
And worship greatness passing by,
Ourselves are great!"

We become great to just that extent that we look upon greatness in others. When we recognize greatness in a Cromwell, a Lincoln, a Wilson, a Christ; and worship that greatness, and emulate that greatness, we become great ourselves. We grow taller because we look upon gigantic things. We grow taller with each great book that we read, and each great thought that we think.

Chapter X

The Revolt Against Civilization

LOTHROP STODDARD

Text: *Eph.* 11: 19 and 20: "Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God; and are built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone!"

There was a great and dramatic scene in the life of one Paul, when he asserted with tremendous pride his Roman citizenship of which he was unashamed.

When he had been tied with thongs, a common prisoner, Paul turned to the Centurion with great dignity and said: "Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?"

Then the Centurion, impressed by Paul's dignity and confidence, went to the Chief Captain and said, "What art thou about to do? for this man is a Roman."

The Chief Captain, impressed, went to Paul and said: "Tell me, art thou a Roman?"

And Paul answered: "Yes!"

The Chief Captain then spoke out of his heart fervently: "With a great sum obtained I this citizenship."

With climactic pride and impressive dignity Paul swung back at him saying: "But I am a Roman born!"

And so Franklyn B. Snyder in the *Methodist Review* calls our attention to the fact that the Pole, and Italian and Frenchman who come to our shores speak to us saying: "At a great price I purchased this freedom, Friends, family, fatherland; on all of these I turned my back, in the hope that, at some future time I might call myself an American citizen."

"And we reply—while the blood runs a little faster in our veins—'But we are American born!' "

And this is the great answer to "The Revolt Against Civilization." I do not believe that all of these who come to our shores are sympathetic or aiding in the spirit of revolt. And yet there is enough smoke to indicate that the fire department of American public opinion ought to be aroused from lethargy and called out to extinguish the smouldering blaze. This can only be done by enlightened public opinion and a pride in a citizenship of idealism.

We have hope in three classes of people: The Thinker, the Patriot, and the Christian citizen.

A short time ago in Detroit, Rodin's "The Thinker," or a replica of the original was placed in front of the Fine Arts Building. I have lived with this great bronze since its inception. I have looked upon the original in Paris and have lived for three years neighbor to the first copy which is in the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

Every time I look at that great bulging bronze I feel that he is the solution of our social problems; that, if we have more "Thinkers" in America we shall have less "Revolt Against Civilization."

Civilizations have come and gone. Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Spain have risen and fallen. That is the story of the past and it is worth heeding by thinking men of today. We are mere fools to hide our heads and talk, "Peace, Peace when there is no peace!" The blindest folly is to ignore disease in body or society.

DIVISION ONE

The Dangers That Confront Our Civilization

The most menacing dangers that confront our civilization are Ignorance, Indifference, Insanity and Inferiority. These are simple words but they are ferocious at heart.

Ignorance:

Mr. Stoddard in his chapter on "The Iron Law of Inequality" calls our attention to the psychological tests put to 1,700,000 men in the army.

These tests proved that we, on an average, are about 14 years of age mentally.

That 45 percent. of us or nearly one half of our population will never develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a twelve year old child; that only thirteen and one half millions will ever show superior intelligence and that only four and one half millions can be considered "Talented."

Indifference:

The indifference of our civilization manifests itself in the fact that superior people attain their superiority at the sacrifice of racial sterility. They do not reproduce as fast as the inferior type in America, as statistics show.

Our indifference manifests itself also in the careless attitude that we assume towards the dangers that beset us. We are an easy-going people and we refuse to recognize danger when it is menacing our very existence. We are so interested in our own selfish purpose that we refuse to heed the danger signals that are flying from every city and hill.

We give women the ballot and then women refuse to assume its responsibility. Americans as a rule, though they brag much about their rights of citizenship, do not take the matter of their balloting seriously. A little snow or rain will keep them at home on election day.

I know a city where the largest sewer in the world has been in the process of being built and not one in ten within five squares of its building knew what was going on. I know a city also where the largest filtration plant in the world is being built and not one in ten within a half mile knew that this colossal work is being carried on.

Insanity and Inferiority:

The famous Jukes family is the illustration of the menace to our civilization that is caused by Insanity and Inferiority. The father of this family was a lazy vagabond born in New York in 1720 whose two sons married five degenerate sisters.

From the Juke line have come:

310 professional paupers.

Kept in almshouses a total of 2,300 years.

440 physically wrecked by their own diseased wickedness.

More than half the women fell into prostitution.

130 were convicted criminals.

60 were thieves.

7 were murderers.

They had cost the state $2,500,000 up to 1915.

There were 600 living feeble-minded and epileptic Jukes in 1915.

The Processes of the Present Impending Revolution

To try to ignore the fact that we are in the midst of a Revolution is utter folly. It is like an ostrich hiding its head in the sands and thinking that it is safe from danger.

Whether we know it or not this country is in the midst of a most menacing Revolution.

This author says that the incipient revolution can be divided into three stages: (1) Destructive criticism of the existing order; (2) revolutionary theorizing and agitation; (3) revolutionary action.

We in America are certainly in the midst of the first two stages if we are not actually on the verge of the third stage.

Anybody who is reading the wide range of literature that is being published in America today knows that this is true. Anybody who reads the perfectly apparent signs of the times knows that the first of these two things are true.

In the art world we have this revolution ex-

pressed in the Impressionist and Cubist Schools. Inane, with no law; with utter freedom of individuality and license the Impressionist and Cubist and Futurist Schools insult our intelligence and our civilization. Nobody can attend a modern salon and not know that we are in the midst of a Revolution in Art.

Lorado Taft himself in his great book, "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture" states the danger clearly and recognizes it with intelligence. He does not ignore it. He gives hundreds of illustrations of the bestial depths into which art has fallen; a glorification of the sexual, the sensual, the beastly and primitive in man. Taft says that art must get "The hint of eternity back into its soul." He shows how in France, Italy, Germany, England and America this revolt is on; the revolt of ignorance and the under-man!

This revolution is apparent in the world of poetry. The Vers Libre School represents it at its extreme. Those who are keeping up on modern poetry know that the revolt against beauty, rhyme rhythm, imagery and idealism is at the high tide. Tennyson is sneered at and Browning is thrown into the waste basket of the young intellectuals.

Stoddard says, "It has led to an all-around lowering of standards. Some of the modern writers who take upon themselves to wipe out the best

of ancient writers cannot write grammatical English."

He says again: "Likewise that which repels us most in the poetry of our younger school is its scornful stigmatizing of the past, without giving us anything in its place."

Our jazz music is a sign of this revolt. This is the underworld clutching at the legs of the upper world to pull it down to the level of the beast. Just as art is giving us grotesque caricatures of the jungle so our music also comes from the jungle. It suggests in its very intonation the sexual act.

The dancing that follows such music is the same. It is not getting better. It is getting worse. No decent man can step into a modern dance hall in a modern city or into a café and not be nauseated with the dances of today. They are worse than indecent. They are piggish and swinish. They are beastly with sex implications. The underworld is tugging at us to pull us down.

The popular song is a part of this revolution.

A while ago my baby girl came home singing the following:

"Oh rolling stone,
I roll my own
Just an inch below my knee
So all the boys can see
My little dimpled knee.

Oh Lordy hear my plea
Make a flapper out of me
Oh rolling stone,
I roll my own
Just an inch below the knee!

Oh rolling stone
I roll my own
And camels are the best for me
I smoke both day and night
I smoke with all my might;
Oh Lordy hear my plea!
Make a smoker out of me
Oh rolling stone
I roll my own
And the camels are the best for me!"

My child is ten years old. She is a pure girl. I said, "Where did you learn this song?"

"At school!"

"From whom did you learn it?"

"From the children. They all sing it!"

No man who is attending noonday lunch clubs but knows that half of the songs that he hears are sexual in their implications: "Oh, Ma, He's Kissing Me," "Hold Me Up a Little Closer" and a score of others that are worse.

The Crime Waves, Labor Wars, the Flappers, the Young Intellectuals sneering at the Church are all expressions of this revolution.

The Book World reveals the same tendency.

Such books as "Dancers in the Dark," "Flappers and Philosophy" indicate the tendency. "Babbitt" sets forth one reason for this revolt.

"Prodigal Daughters" by Hocking is a picture of how the younger generation is breaking away from the tradition, home discipline, the Bible and the Church; and what the result is. "This Freedom" is a picture of a revolting wife. "Babbitt" is the picture of a revolting husband in "Paul." "The Wife of the Centaur" and the "Green Hat" are pictures of this revolution. "The Glass of Fashion" is a non-fiction picture of the tendency of our age.

"It is a drift age." It is an age that is "talking nonsense on the edge of an abyss." It is an age of the "degeneration of love and home." Lorado Taft's book, "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture" is a protest against this spirit.

In our social life we find this expressed in the spirit of anarchism. Johann Most declared in 1880:

"It is no longer aristocracy and royalty that the people intend to destroy. No. In the coming onslaught the object is to smite the middle class with annihilation, exterminate all the contemptible brood!"

In the Anarchist Congress held in London in 1881 attended by such men as Prince Kropotkin resolutions were adopted which said that the fol-

lowing groups should be completely annihilated:

"All rulers, ministers of state, nobility, the clergy, the most prominent capitalists, and other exploiters."

Bakunin in the Revolutionary Catechism suggests that it is better to kill a good judge than a bad judge because a series of monstrous acts will thus drive the people into revolt.

"The killing of wicked people implies no really valuable criticism of the existing social order. If you kill an unjust judge, you may be understood to mean merely that you think judges ought to be just; but if you go out of your way to kill a just judge it is clear that you object to judges altogether. If a son kills a bad father, the act, though meritorious in its humble way, doesn't take us much further, but if he kills a good father it cuts at the root of all that pestilent system of family affection and loving kindness and gratitude on which the present system is largely based!"

In the Industrial World:

Here the spirit of revolt is expressed in the "Sabotage System." Stoddard says of this spirit in the industrial world: "The methods of the class war were summed up under the term 'Direct Action.' These methods were numerous, the most important being the strike and sabotage. Strikes were to be continually called, for any or no rea-

son; if they failed so much the better, since the defeated workers would be left in a sullen and vengeful mood. Agreements with the employers were to be made only to be broken, because all lies, deceits, and trickery, were justifiable—nay—imperative—against the enemy."

Sorel says: "To repay with black ingratitude the benevolence of those who would protect the worker, to meet with insults the speeches of those who advocate human fraternity, to reply by blows at the advocates of those who would propagate social peace."

The Hope for Our Civilization

The hope for our civilization is first of all the segregation and non-propagation of defectives. This in its final analysis means that marriage must be put on a basis of physical fitness, and mental fitness. Neither physical nor mental defectives ought to be allowed to marry. Stringent physical tests ought to be required by law and clergy before marriage. A certificate from a reputable doctor ought to be required before marriage.

The Jukes family is a good illustration of what a defective can hand down as a burden to civilization; and an example of how the defectives tear at the very roots of our civilization like mad beasts.

What moral or ethical rights have fools, imbeciles, and defectives to burden the earth with

their kind? There is a question as to whether or not tuberculars ought to be permitted to propagate their species and kind.

The second hope of our civilization is education. With a nation where the average mind is fourteen years old in mental tests that very fact is perilous to our very existence. Education is the only and the simplest solution of this problem. Democratic education is the thing that is needed and that means more and better public schools and fewer private schools.

Theodore Roosevelt's reply to his son about boys being common is memorable. That great Democrat said, "There are no common boys. There are only good boys and bad boys; short boys and tall boys; but no common boys."

The public schools are the great levelers; the great makers of democracy.

Stoddard gives us an illustration from the Jonathan Edwards family to contrast and compare with the Jukes family.

Of 1,395 descendants up to 1900, 1,295 were college graduates; 13 were presidents of our greatest colleges; 65 professors in colleges; 60 physicians, many of whom were eminent; 100 and more clergymen and missionaries; 75 officers in the army and navy; 60 prominent authors and writers by whom 135 books of merit had been written and 18 periodicals edited; 100 lawyers; 30

judges; 80 held public offices; one vice-president; 3 U. S. Senators; several governors; mayors of cities, and ambassadors to foreign countries. It is not known that a single one of them ever committed a crime.

A test and comparison of the Jukes and Edwards families will show that one of the salvations of our civilization is Education.

The third hope of our civilization is the American home.

In "The Glass of Fashion" the author points out the plight into which our modern life has fallen and then tells us what the remedy is. The first remedy that he suggests is the Christian Home.

He has just given us a picture of the Asquith home; with Margaret Asquith, "The Grandmother of the Flapper" at its head. It is rather a flagrant picture.

In contrast with this home he pictures the Gladstone home. He shows how Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone every morning walked two miles to a little chapel for worship before Mr. Gladstone went to Parliament. This book tells of Mr. Gladstone's hobby of gathering up fallen women from the street and taking them into his home to rehabilitate them and give them another chance. One day when he was caught with a fallen woman his political advisers tried to get him to leave

her. However he insisted upon remaining with the woman. They said, "What would the reporters say if they saw you? It might ruin your career." Gladstone paid no attention to them.

Then they tried another attack, "What will Mrs. Gladstone say?"

"It is to Mrs. Gladstone that I am taking her."

Thank God for Christian homes. That is the hope of our civilization. I am willing to admit that the condition is grave and that there is a real "Revolt against Civilization" but Christian homes will save civilization if anything will.

We have, in "This Freedom" an illustration of what the lack of a Christian home will do to a group of children. Lack of real home discipline, home-love and home-influences throws a group of children into chaos, revolution, sin and death. There is no real liberty save the liberty of love.

"Prodigal Daughters" by Hocking is a good illustration of what a group of children without the restraining influence of the Home, the Bible and the Church, will come to.

Which leads me to suggest that the greatest hope of saving our civilization lies in the Church and Christian living.

In "Prodigal Daughters" we have a contrasted picture of an old fashioned home and a home of today. The daughters of today scorn the

"Ancient, outworn, Puritanic traditions of right and wrong"; they laugh at the church as old-fashioned; they scorn parental discipline; they call license freedom; they rebel at parental advice; and they go to Hell as fast as the law of spiritual gravitation can work. It is a vivid picture of what the lack of the church, the lack of love, the lack of Christian living will do to two girls. "Babbitt" too is a good illustration of a home and a life lived with no regard for the Church and for Christian things and living. For all that the world itself, during the last decade has shown what can happen when God is left out. The world, with God left out, hurled itself into the worst horror of war that humanity has ever known. The war did more to destroy civilization than anything that has ever happened to humanity.

Chapter XI

Twice Thirty

EDWARD BOK

Text: *Acts* 2:17: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

Here is a book of the dreams of a man "Twice Thirty," full of visions for young men.

Here is the story of a life, big enough, and rich enough, to be filled with the spirit of youth from cover to cover.

I like to read a book of life. I like to read about how men of affairs have lived their lives and accomplished, because I always learn from that kind of a book, how to do, or how not to do a thing. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, said to me a while ago: "Read about men. Read biography, and autobiography. Read obituaries. Read Conference Minutes. Read anything that has to do with men, and how they lived their lives! I never miss an opportunity to read an obituary. Some of the richest things I have ever gleaned have been from obituaries!"

Dr. Cadman is right. I have read recently the lives of Jack Dempsey, John Sullivan, and Jim Corbett, and some of the most human, and the most fascinating sermon illustrations I have ever used came from these three lives of prize-fighters. Not that I limit my reading of biography to prize-fighters. I read everything I can get, from Carlyle's "Frederick The Great," and "Cromwell," down to the wonderful flood of reminiscences, recollections, biographies, and autobiographies that has been pouring from the presses for five years.

We have in the United States several magazines which devote their pages to the life stories of men and women, and it is noticeable that the circulation of such magazines go up into the millions. Why? Because the most fascinating thing on earth to mankind, is, first himself; and second, somebody else.

We want to know how a man did a thing, or what kept him from doing it. We want to succeed ourselves, and we want to know what stumbling blocks to avoid and what things to do to make that success sure. We learn from the lives of other men, particularly if that life is the story of a man like Mr. Bok. He came to America a foreigner, as he portrayed in "The Americanization of Edward Bok," started penniless, and attained and achieved in many fields, finally

coming to "Twice Thirty" with a record seldom equalled in even these United States.

But to the preacher, who is looking for material for a sermon, this book is significant because it has a spiritual achievement and suggestion toward its close that makes it an ideal background for what I call, "A Dramatic Book Sermon."

Companions of Our Vigils

In the very beginning of his book Mr. Bok tells of one of his war experiences, and opens this story with the comment that, "It actually took the Great War to teach thousands of our young men the wondrous beauty of the star-filled sky, and of the marvelous rotation and order which prevail in the world, and point to the existence of a Divine Ruler."

Mr. Bok spoke to a certain young chap in the trenches one night and pointed out the stars to him.

The boy replied: "I never knew the sky was so full of romance."

The great Editor pointed out the Pole Star, and told him why the Great Bear was hanging so low in the North at that time, and traced out for him the Milky Way and finally said:

"They can be your wonderful companions in your vigils."

The stars have always been the companions of shepherds, plainsmen, night-workers in the out-of-doors, wanderers, travelers by sea and land. "When I meditate on Thee in the night watches" is one of the most beautiful lines from the Book of Books.

Then Dr. Bok adds: "But by morning he knew in another world more than had been explained to him."

Here is a great spiritual truth, at the very beginning of this great book bludgeoning its way into our souls. It is a truth that an audience of people will leap to, thrill to. The stars fascinate all humanity. Our ignorance about the stars is so deep and almost unfathomable that it stupefies the teacher of nature. The very things that fascinated the Poets, and Prophets of the Bible seem to leave most of us cold. But back comes this challenging sentence: "They can be your wonderful companions in your vigils."

And, before we know it we become "Watchers of the Skies" and dreamers of dreams. And before we know it we understand one of the great spiritual influences that came early into the life of this man who writes this book; and we understand why, when he comes to "Twice Thirty" he still has the seeing eyes of Youth.

Why? Because, as Alfred Noyes says in another chapter in this book:

"We are like those who hear
Disjointed notes of some supernal choir."

when we look at the stars.

Jean Paul Richter says: "No day should close without a look at the stars!"

America You've Got to Give Me a Chance

The second teaching of this remarkable book is an experience that Mr. Bok tells about, the day following the funeral of his father. On this day the responsibility of keeping the home was thrust upon his young shoulders, and he started out into New York City that day saying over and over to himself: "America, you have GOT to give me a chance—you have GOT to give me a place!"

He says that he placed a fiendish emphasis on that word, "Got," and that he talked to himself so fiercely that a man who passed him kept looking after him for a long distance.

There is something inspiring about this little boy going off to work that morning with only eight cents in his pocket crying out: "America you've GOT to give me a chance!"

It reminds us of that moment in one of Maughn's books when a middle aged business man suddenly realized that his life-long dream must be accomplished and that he must give up his business, and paint: "I've just GOT to paint! I've

just GOT to paint!" was the refrain of his resolve.

Whenever any person goes into life with that determination, or into some high and holy task with that spirit, neither men, nor principalities, nor disaster nor gods can stop him from succeeding.

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done, but he did it!" is a line from Edgar Guest's famous verse that repeats this same refrain of determination.

"What ought to be done, can be accomplished," is another more stately putting of the same truth.

This is a heartening phrase that Mr. Bok has given us from the early days of his eventful life, and it makes his life not only more understandable but also more inspirational to all of us.

Not a youth in this great audience, not a man or woman but who will be spiritually lifted up, as if strong arms had been put under his or her soul, by that great phrase: "America you've just GOT to give me a chance! America you've just got to give me a place!"

There is something of the spirit of Paul in that sentence, the spirit so frequently expressed in his athletic figures of speech such as: "I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Such figures have a pertinent place in spiritual achievement as well as

in practical affairs and one of the finest contributions that a book of this type makes is to present to us that possibility in human life.

Vigor and determination is needed in spiritual achievements as well as in practical achievements of life.

A Picture of Good Citizenship is Presented

Mr. Bok says: "The real America is an ideal—a vision yet to be fulfilled."

He takes a justified rap at our limited phrase, "One Hundred Percent Americanism," because of its implication of intolerance. Then he thrusts into our vision a real definition of Americanism by saying:

"Americanism is of one's inner self; a God-given responsibility; a faith; a trust; a devotion to an ideal; a belief in one's fellow-men stronger than a belief in one's self; a tenacious, unswerving confidence in service."

In these days of lax law enforcement, and carelessness toward the Volstead Act and the Constitutional Amendment relating to Prohibition it is a timely note, this note of reverence for law; this definition of real "100 percent Americanism" that Mr. Bok gives us; this old man with his vision and his dream of an ideal America.

Mr. Bok did a lot of lecturing and on one of his trips he picked up a small town editorial from the

Indiana Tribune, of Rockville, Indiana, wherein the editor said:

"What is a hundred percent American? Let us name a few things that none will deny as being among the attributes that define a hundred percent American. He must, first of all, before considering his own rights, have a higher regard for the rights of others; he must obey the laws—not the laws he chooses himself to obey, and demands enforcement on others, but all the laws."

Further this editorial writer says: "To be 'One hundred percent American' a man must be one hundred percent Christian. He must everywhere observe the Golden Rule. He must put in practice the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. In all sacred and profane history there never lived but one man who could qualify as a hundred percent American; and men who deny or abridge the rights of others for religion or race should remember that that Man was a Jew!"

So Mr. Bok lifts this editorial of a country editor from its lowly place and broadcasts it to the world through this book, and what preacher, with even a little imagination, will not find that great, bludgeoning definition of "One Hundred Percent Americanism" a weapon with which to club intolerance and injustice in church and state. No real Christian can be a Ku Kluxer, and no real Christian can harbor in his soul any such

intolerance as drives out a Christ, who was a Jew, from his nation or his church.

And Mr. Bok brings this kind of Americanism into the realm of faith and idealism, and spiritual life—and that is a great vision, and a tremendous dream he has.

Spiritual Teaching Dominates This Book

Everything that Mr. Bok suggests in this unusual book of his life has a spiritual background and implication. His patriotism is a spiritual patriotism, his enthusiasms are spiritual enthusiasms, his achievements are spiritual achievements.

Therefore it is no surprise to hear him interjecting a chapter in his book on "Do We Really Do Things?" with the suggestion that it is not we, but some power outside of us, "Keeping Watch above His Own" that does them.

Just as he starts his book off with the suggestion that the stars may be our companions in our lonely vigils of life, so he ends up with the suggestion that there is some spiritual force outside of us that impels us to our truly great achievements.

He tells of a conversation with Herbert Hoover, in which he discusses this thought.

"I was talking one day to Herbert Hoover just after he had embarked on one of his great

undertakings when he said, 'I don't know why I'm doing this thing.' "

" 'How did you get into it?' I asked."

" 'I don't know, sort of forced into it,' was the answer."

Then Mr. Bok adds: "Every man who has achieved, has experienced this similar feeling of uncertainty. Are we not in reality mere agents in a divine scheme of things selected to do certain acts of service for which we have unconsciously perhaps been given the ability?"

Then Mr. Bok adds further:

"What other means are there through which God's spirit can work for the accomplishments of His purpose than men?"

" 'It beats me' said a man who had accomplished what the world acclaimed as a great piece of work. 'I don't get it at all. It was done before I knew it was done; everybody else knew it before I did. And now, I can't see it as others can. It all seems very simple.' "

" 'Do you feel as if you did do it?' I asked him."

" 'That's the strange part of it all,' he answered, 'I don't. I was sort of unconsciously pushed into it, didn't feel I could do it, but was doing it all the same before I knew it. And here it is done! Strangest feeling in the world.' "

" 'Just as if the forces which pushed you into it were outside of you?' I ventured.

" 'Exactly,' he returned quickly, 'exactly that.' "

It is a great spiritual book.

It begins with the story of the stars and it ends with the story of the sun and the sea.

Mr. Bok gives us an Indian legend of a Chief who started four boys out one morning, each boy to run as far up the mountain side as he could and return. Each was to bring some evidence of the height to which he had attained.

The first boy came back with a branch of spruce, showing the height to which he had attained.

The second a little later came, panting, and weary with a branch of pine. The third brought an Alpine flower.

After many hours the fourth came, by moonlight. His feet were torn, and his body exhausted.

" 'What did you bring and how high did you ascend?' asked the Chief."

" 'Sire,' he replied, 'where I went there was neither spruce nor pine to shelter me from the sun, nor flower to cheer my path, but only rocks and snow, and barren land. My feet are torn, and I am exhausted, and I have come late,—— but——.'

"And a wonderful light came into his eyes, as the young brave added:

" 'I saw the sea!' "

So this book lifts you up until you have seen the sea.

Such a life lived as this life has been lived thrills, inspires, lifts!

This man of vision, "Twice Thirty" as he is, knows that back of all life and living there are spiritual laws; there is "God keeping watch above his own." He knows that Jesus Christ in any man's life will do what Christ said: "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me."

Jesus Christ in a man's life, recognition of God's spiritual laws in a man's life will invariably send him to the top of the mountain in business, in achievements; material and spiritual. He will look upon the sea from such a height as brave men, as good men, as spiritual men attain.

Why is this true, spiritually?

Answer: Because a certain Jew, long ago, allowed Himself to be falsely accused, dishonestly tried, cruelly humiliated; and finally He permitted Himself to be lifted up on a cross, to die as a criminal, upon the most abject instrument of death that the Oriental world knew; allowed Himself to be spat upon, and insulted when He might have summoned legions of angels to His defense and rescue; allowed Himself to be nailed

with spikes, thrust with a spear, stifled with bitter gall at his lips; allowed himself to die the Death.

But in dying he climbed the highest hill; the loftiest peak life ever knew; the immaculate snow-white peak of Calvary—and, he climbed so high that he "Saw the Sea" of Salvation for Humanity, and when he came back to his Father, who sent him on that strange errand he cried aloud: "I did not understand why it should be, except it was Thy will my Father! Where I went there was neither spruce nor pine to shelter me from the sun, nor flower to cheer my path, but only rocks and snow, and blood, and gall, and nails, and pain, and agony. Where I went there were three crosses, and lightning, and thunder, and earthquake, and moaning, and wailing, and darkness. But in a flash of light, Oh God my Father, I saw Thy face. I saw Thy face, and then I knew that all was well; that I was not forsaken; and it was then that I was able to say: 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do!' "

"I saw the sea!"

One must climb to the heights to see the Sea!

Chapter XII

The Discovery of God

BASIL KING

Text: *Matthew* 7:7: "Seek and ye shall find."

Basil King, in his book called "The Discovery of God," has taken those words literally. He has sought—and has found—God.

And in finding God for himself he has found Him for the rest of us seekers and that means all of us—for we are all-seekers—we human beings—seekers after God.

We are like seekers after Gold. When a man comes along the trail who has found gold—who knows where it is, and who tells us that there is plenty of it, we run to follow him with eagerness in our steps and a great light of joy in our eyes.

This new book is like a mountain range of white peaks. Basil King takes the great characters of the Bible and, evidently, after a most careful study, he has gleaned the great truths for which each prophet stood. Those truths he sets down for us in his book. These truths are like trumpet blasts:

Abraham discovered that God is Almighty!

Jacob discovered the God who cares!

Moses discovered the God of all Gods—the only God!

Isaiah discovered the God of all Men!

David discovered the God of Right!

Jeremiah discovered the God of Personal Relations!

Daniel discovered the God who protects!

Jesus discovered the Universal Father!

What tremendous snow crowned peaks they are—a sweeping range that looms up against the horizons of all time; a range from which flows eternally the "Water of Life" from the melting snow of purity. A range of peaks—now and then a bit hazy to many of us, because of the mists and clouds of doubt and ignorance; but a range made perpetually clear in this book. The things for which these great men stood; the truth for which they lived; the white peaks of discovery up which each climbed, brought each of them to a closer view of this great Mt. Everest we call God.

Mt. Everest is not yet scaled. Many attempts have been made. Each expedition makes the scaling of this, the highest peak in the world, more possible. Some day even Everest will be conquered by the soul of man.

So it is with God.

Through untold centuries each man has added his particular contribution to our knowledge of God. Each great character of time has gone a little further in the "discovery of God." Even we frail human beings of the "lesser breed" may have our share in that discovery. It is well that we try. Such a book as this will help us along the way.

But men like Basil King have limned that mighty range of crystal peaks against the sky of time and we see—we see clearly.

Some of the most exhilarating spiritual lessons in this truly great book are in phrases; phrases that sum up an epoch of discovery; phrases freighted like ships bound for Japan with food—freighted to the top, from hold to deck, with spiritual truth.

Lesson I: This tremendous thought is summed up like a nugget of gold in these lines:

"God remains forever unchangeable, forever dynamic, forever the source of all energy, being and activity, eternally waiting until man develops the spiritual mind, the spiritual eyes, with which to behold Him as pure Spirit, which He is."

Here is a spiritual truth to shake the world awake. Here is a thought with TNT buried in it. Touch it not unless you want the cold and rusted casing of indifference and ignorance to be blown from about your souls!

That puts the discovery of God directly up to us. He is there, always, unchanging, waiting, eager for our recognition. He is like gold in the hills. It has always been there, but we have been slow to find it. This is true of every rich deposit of gold, silver, jewels, oil—it has been there—buried for untold centuries waiting for us to come and get it. So God is there—here—everywhere—waiting until the time when our spiritual development gets to that place where it will be so acute that we shall see and feel and recognize him.

Lesson II: In the chapter on "Jacob Discovers the God Who Cares," there is that interestingly human story of Jacob and Esau. Basil King shows us that Jacob's ideal, being spiritual, he attained the spiritual, and Esau's ideal, being material, he obtained the material. Then he makes this keen observation: "Each obtained to the full what he has trained himself to receive."

William Allen White says in a personal letter which he wrote to me when "The Heart of a Fool" was published: "Like every story it is the dramatization of a truth. And the truth I tried to dramatize in this story is this: Material rewards do not follow spiritual excellence, nor does spiritual decay bring material punishment upon it; the rewards and punishments of the material

world are quite apart from spiritual excellence or deficiencies."

Basil King calls attention to this same truth in this chapter when he makes a burningly vivid contrast between the ideals and rewards of Jacob and the ideals and rewards of Esau. One's ideals were material and his rewards were material; and the other the opposite.

One gets about what he seeks for.

As fine old John Burroughs says in his mighty poem:

> "Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
> Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea;
> I rave no more 'gainst Time nor fate
> For lo! my own shall come to me."

The ancient saying sums it all up: "Water seeks its own level!"

Basil King is right that we obtain just about what we are trained to receive spiritually. This is a great spiritual law as unchanging as the law of the Medes and Persians. The Master in the New Testament says: "Seek and ye shall find!" Seek spiritual things and ye shall find them. Seek material things and ye shall find them. This is Basil King's unique interpretation of the story of Jacob and Esau.

Lesson III: In the chapter on "David Dis-

covers the God of Right," King makes a tremendous observation in these lines:

"In harmony with God all things tend to go smoothly; in departure from God all things tend to go wrong."

What a bugle note from spiritual heights that is!

What a happy world we would have—what happy homes; what happy fraternal organizations; what happy churches; what a happy nation we would have if we caught that truth and bound it to our hearts with hoops of steel! The Bible puts it this way: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Basil King has modernized that truth.

Lesson IV: In the chapter entitled "Isaiah discovers the God of All Men," King hurtles a sentence and a truth into our very souls with terrific force:

"It is not what a man knows about God, but what God knows about a man which is of the first importance."

That truth comes into our souls like a thunder clap! It is the opposite of what we have been thinking but—like all great truth—the minute it gets a clear statement and setting forth we recognize it for what it is—TRUTH!

So comes this truth with impelling force; that the thing that counts is what God knows about

us—and not what we know about God. I well remember what little Glad in the "Dawn of a Tomorrow" said about religion:

"It ain't understandin' sir—it's believin'!"

She was right. If it were set forth as a condition of salvation that I "understood" everything about God and man and Truth I am afraid I would be in a sorry plight—and there would be a lot of preachers with me. But if it is "believin'" I am there! I can get that!

It's what God knows about us more than what we know about Him that counts. This might be a good thought for theologians to ponder over; especially preachers who love, wisely and profoundly, to bewilder themselves and their poor suffering congregations with long, dry theological sermons. It would be well for these to know that it isn't so much what we know about God that counts as what God knows about us.

A certain type of Christian—or rather, a certain type of church member, loves to prate wisely about God. He loves to argue about God and theology so that he may be known for his much learning and his ability to talk. These folks are what a preacher calls "the agitators of the church." They are its soap-box orators.

It might be well for them to know this truth: That it doesn't matter so much what we know about God as what God knows about us!

Lesson V: In his chapter called "Daniel Discovers the God Who Protects," King has a sentence with the power of an earthquake in it; power to lift the earth to greater heights, but not to destroy. This is the sentence:

"Spiritual power is the only and absolute ruler of the universe, and always rules in love."

Get that truth into your soul!

Let it get its arms under and around and about you and you will feel like singing as Poet David sang: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

Spiritual power is unconquerable. Material power has always, through all of the centuries, gone down in chaos. As King says, "No material dominion can be so strong, not that of Babylon or Egypt, nor that of the United States or the British Empire, but that before spiritual might it becomes as a figment of the brain."

King is right. Material power is as futile as mist before the sun; as helpless as Tokio in the brawny hands of an earthquake; as futile as a child in the path of an avalanche, as futile as milkweed down in the mad rush of a cyclone; as futile as a reel of film in a burning furnace.

We look upon Japan in her hour of suffering with a great pity like unto the pity of God. We do not say that she is being punished for her sins

as Conan Doyle says. In fact we do not believe any such barbarian doctrine as that God punishes in that way. But Japan's fate is a good illustration of material power. It took fifteen years to build the San Francisco City Hall and they spent five million dollars in building it and the earthquake of 1906 shook it down in five seconds. Such is the futility of mere material power.

But spiritual power, which is Love, lasts forever, and beyond recall. That is what Basil King proves in the "Discovery of God" and he has here written a book to thrill the soul of the church-world!

And may I close by calling attention to the fact that Christ says, "Seek and ye shall find?" Link that up with Basil King's title, "The Discovery of God" and we have the autobiographies of many gigantic seeking souls.

Chapter XIII

Woodrow Wilson

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

Text: *Luke* 2:49: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Woodrow Wilson was a God-Destined man, for a certain great task.

As John Drinkwater said of Lincoln and Cromwell, "And Lincoln was the Lord of his event!" so might it be said of Woodrow Wilson, in spite of the apparent failure of his mission.

Washington came to his event to mould the future destiny, and chart the beginnings of his nation. Lincoln came to his event to hold together the nation that had been conceived. Roosevelt came to his event to awaken the manhood of America, in order that the manhood might be ready to meet the world-emergency that was in the offing of time; to face the storm that was gathering on the far horizons.

Few men of this day will ever know the contribution that Roosevelt made to the World War. That contribution was made in the prime of his

life. It was he who aroused the manhood of these states. It was he who found us settled on our leas. It was he who found our young men content with making money; content with financial careers. We had lost the lust of adventure. We had lost the challenge of hard things. We had become soft and flabby. We had lost romance out of life. We were a fat-bodied, fat-eared and fat-souled generation.

When along came this Great Heart and aroused us from our lethargy.

He gave us a great phrase, "The Strenuous Life." Then he illustrated what he meant by that phrase by riding horseback from 4:30 on a January morning a distance of a hundred miles, through a blizzard, over slippery, icy roads, and back to the White House at 8:40 that night, to prove to the fat, easy-living army officers that it could be done.

And Roosevelt got our bodies and souls ready for the great testing time that came in the World War. That was his task and his event and he met it well.

Then came Woodrow Wilson to his event; and that event was the World War.

William Allen White has painted for us a wistful World Dreamer.

He was a man who seemed, always, to feel that he must be about his Father's business. That

was the reason why he deserted his friends, his family, his intimates from time to time; because he felt chosen to do a great task—and nothing mattered but that. In a way this was exactly the attitude of Jesus when he deserted his mother, his father and his family, and when they appeared astonished Jesus merely said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" And what he meant was, that neither friend, nor family, nor anybody, nor anything mattered compared with that great event.

The Influences That Shaped His Life

Mr. White has a clever bit of machinery running throughout the book.

It runs like the theme of a symphony. It appears and reappears. Now in the deeper bass of the cellos, now in the low moans of the wood wind instruments, now in the lighter, rippling notes of the harp, and now in the trumpet notes of the cornets.

This author says, "He was Irish for two hundred years on his father's side, and Scotch back to the Druids on his mother's side."

And, throughout the book Mr. White shows how throughout the great president's life his Scotch and Irish blood were in conflict. In his lighter moments, which he had, and many of

them, beautiful hours of sunshine and laughter, the Irish of him was dominant; and in the solemn, hard, almost cruel moments, the dour Scotch dominated his soul. These Scotch dominances came to be more and more frequent toward the end of his life, particularly during the war days.

Mr. White accounts for almost everything that happened in his life by these two strains of blood in his makeup, and in the light of such books as "The Fruit of Our Family Tree," by Mr. Wiggam, this seems a plausible theory; and it is certainly a fascinating vehicle for an interpretation of this great life.

A second thing that influenced his entire life was his inability to play, and relax. He did not know the meaning of team-work, for he had never learned team-work in his boyhood days.

He was so much of a book-boy that, when he had a "Gang" that Gang read books under summer trees in lieu of playing ball, and frequenting the "Old Swimmin' Hole."

If Wilson had learned the habit of team-work in boyhood, as most normal boys learn it, his great ideal might have come through quicker and without so much tragedy.

White puts it in this pertinent phrase:

"If only the gang at Augusta could have larruped the habit of team-work into him, the

'Happy Warrior' might not have had so many melancholy hours."

This lack of the play-spirit, this lack of teamwork, which he did not learn, when normal boys learn it, was one of the great losses of his wistful life. He wanted, all his days, to be liked. He wanted to be able to play with other men, but he was utterly unable to accomplish this simple thing.

The third great influence in his life was that of his first wife, Ellen Axson. Mr. White makes this clear and beautiful, and forever settles the silly gossip that this was an unhappy marriage. It was never that. It was always an understanding, completeness of comradeship and love.

White quotes the brother of Ellen Axson, as saying a beautiful thing:

"Of the mental pictures I have of my sister at this moment three stand out with peculiar vividness; the way she looked that night when she told me of her engagement. The way she looked when she held her first-born in her arms, waiting for him to come from some distant place for the first sight of his child, and the way she looked in the little cottage at Princeton the night that he was elected president of the United States."

These three significant influences shaped his life.

The "Great Expectations" for Woodrow Wilson

There seemed to be something God-destined about this boy.

His father recognized something about him that destined him to be exactly what he became, the President of the United States. He made reference to it several times, but, perhaps the most thrilling reference that he made was to old Dave, the colored servant:

"One afternoon, lying weary and half-sick on his bed, the Doctor—pretty badly shattered by his seventy-eight years—poured out his heart to Dave.

" 'Mr. Tommy is a smart man, Dave! Dave, he's one of the smartest men in this country. Dave, come here. Let me tell you something. One of these days, Mr. Tommy will be a candidate for President of the United States! I won't be here, Dave, but you will. Are you still voting, Dave?'

"The colored man was and is one of the few who qualify as electors in Washington. 'Dave, promise me this: When I'm gone and Mr. Tommy is running for President, you will go down to the polls and put in my vote—not yours Dave, but mine—mine!' And, being an old man, his old Irish eyes filled with emotional tears. And David Bryant says he remembered his promise."

There was something about Tommy Wilson that seemed predestined to greatness. Everybody seemed to feel it about him.

At Princeton, during the terrible battle for Democracy, toward its close his father noticed a strange abstraction in his son and said:

"Something has come over Woodrow. He is restless. He can't sit down happily and talk as he used to do."

His brother-in-law, Axson, said of him at this restless time:

"Often in those days I have heard him cry out: 'I am so tired of merely a talking profession! I want to do something!' "

This strange restlessness was on his soul; this restlessness to be at the business of his Father. This wistfulness to be about his Father's tasks. He seemed to feel a strange tugging at his soul. His teaching profession did not hold his heart. He wanted to do, rather than to talk.

It takes us back to those days as a student in Princeton, when he was debating with his fellow students and, he turned to one of them and said:

"Never mind! We'll fight that out in the senate some day, Tom!"

He seemed to himself, and to his father, and to those who knew him best to be foreordained to greatness. That is not an afterthought, but it is

a recorded fact in countless instances; that those who knew him felt that something about him, which made them know that he was destined for gigantic leadership, and even he himself felt it in his blood.

And, who, with even a smattering of imagination can fail to hear the echo of those words of the Youth, Jesus, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

The Human Hungerings of a Lonely Man

That Wilson was hungry for the human touches none may doubt. His Irish heart hungered for human sympathy as much as his Scotch soul shut it out.

Mr. White tells the story of two nephews who got into a rough and tumble fight at his wedding. He says that Wilson, instead of being shocked, liked it and seemed to go about the business of separating them, in some such spirit as:

"Let's separate them but don't let's be in too desperate haste about it."

We like him for this. We like him also for the episode at the Wesleyan Lehigh football game, when he was a young professor at Wesleyan. The Wesleyan team was getting drubbed, when suddenly a young professor stepped to the front in a grey rain-coat, and rallied the Wesleyan rooters, and led them in a cheering rally that put

such spirit into the team that the defeat was turned into a riot of victory, and as the Lehigh team went off the field, defeated, they said, "That young professor in the rain-coat whipped us!" That young professor was Woodrow Wilson.

When Wilson was a teacher in Princeton and Booth Tarkington had attended one of his classes he said of Wilson: "Say! There's a man!"

Mr. White also says of him: "He hungered for the affections of the students as he did in later years for the affections of the American people."

Four times he was voted the most popular teacher in Princeton by the Seniors.

He was wistful for sympathy and understanding, but he himself shut it out.

His Faith and His Courage for His Ideals

One student, who heard Mr. Wilson pray in chapel, when he was a college president, said afterwards:

"No man who heard that prayer could doubt that Woodrow Wilson was a man of profound faith in God."

In the Princeton fight for Democracy, Doctor Wilson was fighting for freedom from the dominating influences of money in education. What Upton Sinclair later revealed in one of his books on the American colleges, and what Dean

Michaeljohn later suffered over and fought at Amherst, Woodrow Wilson first fought against at Princeton. Dean West was his opponent, and in him focused the old standards and in Wilson focused the Democratization of American colleges.

It was a fight for idealism in education, and the influences of it will never die.

This same spirit of battling for idealism he carried into the historical precincts of Versailles. It was like him to go to Paris. He never shunned the battle. He wanted to be in the midst of it. He trusted no man to lead the battle. His battle was a battle for idealism.

And the men he was fighting for were not idealists. They were materialists. They fought with ignoble weapons. They laughed at his idealism. They sneered at his dreams of world-brotherhood, and they played a game he did not know and the rules of, which, even if he had known them, he would never have stooped to play. He was dealing with a crowd of hardened European diplomats. They had been steeped in the school of European diplomacy so long that they crucified a Messiah when he came. They knew nothing about God's business, nor of the mission for which Wilson was chosen.

Clemenceau, said, sneeringly:

"God gave us His ten commandments and we broke them. Wilson gave us his fourteen points—we shall see!"

And again he said, in French idiom:

"My friend President Wilson is man of noble candeur! (Meaning stupid simplicity.)"

Mr. White himself sums it all up by saying:

"So all the nations, little and big, at the Conference desired material things, and America was playing for things spiritual."

And I add: "They thought they won."

Clemenceau thought he won. Orlando thought that he won. Even Lloyd George thought he had won. Those who smiled behind Wilson's back, and those who openly fought his idealism, thought they had won. It is enough to make the gods in Heaven laugh, and the children of hell cry aloud. They thought they had won. What a hilarious joke this will be for future generations, when the World Brotherhood shall have arrived. That they thought they had won at Versailles.

This is the one great thing that will give the coming generations an eternal laugh; that these diplomats of Europe thought they had won, when they sent an old man back to America broken in health; a martyr to a great cause; that they thought they had won.

And a puny man named Lodge—he thought

he had won. He who put his petty soul as a stumbling block in the way of the world's greatest dream. He who used the clumsy hammer of his political power—which soon waned—to break a great and precious vase of world vision. He thought he had won.

And when Rome crucified Jesus Rome thought she had won, but the Rome that crucified Jesus lies in dust and ruin today and the Cæsars are forgotten, while the spirit of Jesus goes marching on. And yet Rome thought she had won.

But, as Woodrow Wilson said to Ray Stannard Baker during the last months of his terrible illness in Washington, "You can't fight God!"

One day Baker visited the dying man in Washington. They got to talking about the League of Nations and Baker expressed some pessimism about the final outcome. That broken man, that God-destined Prophet of God's business half arose from his bed, and almost shouted his defiance, and his confidence in his immortal sentence:

"We're right, Baker! We're right! That's enough! Don't fear the outcome! We're right! You can't fight God!"

What a valiant warrior speaks there!

What a trumpet call that sentence is: "You can't fight God!"

And yet Orlando, and Clemenceau thought they had won.

And yet Lodge and that little band of political malcontents thought they had won.

And yet the Versailles group thought they had won.

But "You can't fight God!" And you can't fight one of God's plans.

You may as well command the tides to stay back in the sea when it is time for them to come in. You may shout yourselves hoarse but, as Bishop Quayle says, "They will come in at their own sweet will, in their own time!"

"You can't fight God!" Wilson was and is right!

Woodrow Wilson carried that dream as far as God intended it to go today. He carried that banner up the heights almost to the top of Mt. Everest, and then fell, and the banner has been handed to other hands. It will be carried on. "You can't fight God." The materialists of Versailles did not win. They thought they did. And, as the French say, "That is to laugh." For, to transpose a famous verse:

> "The mills of the gods grind slowly
> But they grind exceedingly small.
> And when they went to look for Clemenceau
> He wasn't there at all."

For, "You can't fight God—Clemenceau! You can't fight God, Orlando! You can't fight God, Versailles!"

Woodrow Wilson's last utterance was a pathetic and yet a triumphant one, as Mr. White describes it. In this last speech he came to the door of his "S" Street home. A small crowd had gathered. He tried to speak, and failed. The band started to play, and he tried again. They stopped the band, and he uttered a few feeble words, and then said, "That's all I can do!"

But Mr. White says of this scene:

"It was not a particularly noble utterance. It had none of the old fire, none of the appealing fervor that the war president had kindled, but it held high and unshaken the torch of his faith!"

Woodrow Wilson was a God-destined man; destined to do a specific thing and go his way, just as the great of the world have always done.

God always has His man there when the time is needful for a man.

The great moral movements come along as fast as we are ready for them.

God moves them on to certain epoch-making points upward, until their day has come, and then, almost over night, they burst upon the world like the flowering of a century plant.

And, one cannot look upon the actual physical habitation of the League of Nations itself and see the practical things that it is doing and has done; that he does not know that, as John Wesley says, though God's workers die his work goes on. I never felt the eternal truth of Wilson's statement, "You can't fight God" so fully as I did a while ago, one evening when I crossed Lake Geneva bound for the city of the League of Nations.

Lake Leman—or Lake Geneva, in Switzerland is one of the most beautiful lakes on the earth's curve. I have looked upon Tahoe in all of its California splendor; I have looked upon Lake Louise, carved out by the glaciers in the Canadian Rockies; I have looked upon placid Como in Italy's warm wonderland; and I have looked upon Lake Lucerne; but Lake Leman seems the gem of them all to me.

Once of a summer afternoon, after looking through the beautiful Castle of Chillon, made famous by Byron's poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," I took a small boat from Montreux, the southern end of Lake Leman, and crossed to Geneva. It was a warm summer evening and the lake was as peaceful as a sabbath morning of childhood. The little boat stopped at every watering place, criss-crossing that immobile water,

while I lay burning my skin to bronze in the sunshine.

Evening came and with it a glorious sunset which I watched from the top deck of the little boat while a stringed orchestra played Italian Opera airs. I remember "Lucia" particularly because it was my favorite.

As the sunset began there were long, narrow, slender strips of white clouds lying low on the horizon. The hills were purple, and these white strips of clouds seemed almost to rest on the ridge of the purple hills. In two places these narrow white strips dipped to the hills and seemed to form a narrow runway to the clouds, up and down which angels might climb.

Then these narrow runways of white clouds began to turn to opal. I watched this magical change. It seemed like the fade-away of a motion picture camera. One could hardly tell when it occurred, the change was so gradual.

Then the opalescent hues of those narrow clouds changed to mother-of-pearl, and then to pure silver, deep, and rich as a dove's wings. Then came the transformation from silver to gold, and thence to lavender, almost as quickly as I can tell about it here. After the lavender came purple, and finally the inevitable black of night. The western mountain ranges were black with twilight, when the captain of the boat

called, noticing my attention to the sunset, and said, "Look to the east!"

I looked to the east and there a splendid miracle was happening.

It seemed as if I was looking upon some celestial city of God, white and flushed with splendor.

For there arose Mt. Blanc, crowned white with perpetual snows, still bombarded with sunlight, although the sun had gone down five minutes before so that not a ray of light was visible in the west. The sun had entirely disappeared behind the western hills, and the last ray of golden light had turned to purple; and the stars had dotted the west—but still the miracle of that sun sending its bombardment of light against that gigantic mountain bulk the world calls Mt. Blanc remained. So the light of Wilson's life bombards the white mountains of the dream of World Brotherhood. Though dead he still lives and lights this world.

That splendor flare of sublime beauty I shall never forget. It seemed unreal, unearthly, impossible. From whence came that strange light? There Mt. Blanc loomed, bulging out the skies; in three great, broad, gigantic tiers, rising to the horizon, with inaccessible, and sweeping ranges of Swiss mountains buttressing the great Temple towers.

I watched that splendid panorama for half an

hour when all the sky suddenly became dark, as if a curtain had been dropped over it, and the lights of Geneva shone out across the placid lake.

The next morning at dawn we walked along that quiet Riviera. We were seeking the League of Nations building. It was a glorious morning of sunshine. The memory of that glorious sunset bombarding Mt. Blanc was still rich and fresh in my mind.

The giant mountain this morning stood out bombarded by morning light from a different direction. On this morning it was coming from behind the old giant, a little to the north of it, but still bombarding it with light and glow and glory.

As we walked along the shores of Lake Leman suddenly we came upon a great sign which read: "Rue Woodrow Wilson."

"TO THE MEMORY OF
WOODROW WILSON
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WHO FOUNDED THE SOCIETY OF NATIONS
La Ville de Geneve."

I went through the Ville de Geneve; the meeting place of the League of Nations, with reverent soul. I took my shoes from off my feet for I knew that I trod on sacred ground and over sacred portals of eternal hope.

Though Woodrow Wilson sleeps on a Washington hillside and his mortal frame crumbles to dust, that immortal dream shall live on forever. Prophesied by Alfred Tennyson a hundred years ago in lines that live and leap with love, this "Federation of the world" has received its second impetus in this practical expression.

As I walked with tear-dimmed eyes through these halls and corridors, I thought of Victor Hugo's words:

"I stand for a thing that does not yet exist. The party of the Revolutionary Civilization will come up in the 20th Century. It will go out first as the United States of Europe, and then as the United States of the World."

Tennyson, Hugo, Woodrow Wilson dreamed that Federation of Mankind, that League of Nations, that Brotherhood of Humanity. It will come some glad, good dawning.

As I came out of that great building I looked again and saw the glow and glory of Mt. Blanc. There it stood, immobile and immutable; like some gigantic sentinel of time. So shall stand this dream of a World Brotherhood of the Nations. That Mt. Blanc, white and beautiful, is symbol of that dream. It shall not pass away. Its beauty shall live in the hearts of mankind.

At my feet lay beautiful, peaceful Lake Leman. That too is a symbol of this dream of peace. If

ever there is a beautiful lake it is Leman. Not a ripple stirs its blue waters. One looks upon it and dreams of that moment when Jesus bade the waters of blue Galilee be still. Some day He shall look upon the troubled waters of the world's strife and say, "Peace be still." And the waters of the world of humanity shall be as still as were the waters of Lake Leman on that morning when I walked with God and a great Dream. I said to my soul, "Not only is that white Mt. Blanc symbolic of the stability of this idea, but these quiet waters are a symbol of the Peace of the World for which this dream stands. The stability of the mountain and the peace of the lake."

The glow and the glory of the sunset of the night before was also a symbol of the beauty of the idea and the ideal that has been founded in this sacred spot. More and more shall that beautiful dream win the hearts of humanity; more and more shall the eyes of the world be won to that dream. At first it appears to poets and prophets and preachers; but at last the world shall have its eyes wiped clean of selfishness and then it shall appear in all of its splendor to all humanity —aye—even to politicians and their followers.

The glorious sunset, with its runways to the stars and the skies was a symbol of the fact that that dream beside Lake Leman shall, at last, lead

the world to the skies, until the world shall walk with God amid the stars.

The glow of the departing sunset on Mt. Blanc is the last symbol. It is a symbol of the glow of the departing life of Woodrow Wilson on this dream. Not until his death, not until the sun of his life had sunk did the world begin to see the place where he looked; the dream that was bombarded with light long after his sun had sunk; and shall continue to be lighted forever.

There it stands, the white, crowning dream of his life. There it stands, the League of Nations, the Brotherhood of Humankind; stands like great white Mt. Blanc; stands the focal point of the world's dreams.

To that high peak, the dreaming, hoping heart of the world shall look through all future centuries; toward that high, that strange, that almost supernaturally lighted mountain the eyes of the world shall focus.

And the light of that life still shines upon that great white dream, as it shoulders out the horizons of the future; the most dominant peak in the range of tomorrow's mountain of humanity.

Chapter XIV

Mutual Aid

KROPOTKIN

Text: *John* 15: 17: "That ye love one another."

The war was a direct result of the materialistic philosophy of "The Survival of the Fittest." The philosophy of the Superman had so permeated German teaching and thinking that it had clutched at the throat of Christianity and it had stifled the life out of the Infant church of the Christ; and for years Germany had not known what true Christian principles meant.

The philosophy of force, which is the philosophy of materialism, which is expressed in the phrase of "Might makes Right," or in that other phrase, "The Superman," or in that other phrase, "The Survival of the Fittest" is the exact opposite of the Christian philosophy.

In another war, we who are Christians must not allow ourselves to degenerate into this philosophy; we must not allow ourselves, although we may be forced to fight, to believe that "The

fittest shall survive." Forever that theory, even in war has been abolished from the face of the earth. If that had been true Germany today would be in Paris and England would have been conquered, for if ever there was a nation of Iron, and Strength, and Fitness, and Preparedness; if ever there was a nation that could well have typified the Superman, as far as material strength was concerned it was the German nation, if ever there was a nation that so far as fitness and preparedness was concerned, under the law of "The Survival of the Fittest" this nation would have survived as the great outstanding Animal of the Brood of Nations, but God has shown the world in this war that there is something higher than brute force, that there is something stronger than guns and horses and steel and iron and cement forts; and that thing is "The Spirit of France," "The Courage of Belgium," "The Soul of England" and "The Brotherhood and Democracy of America." And well has it been said that France and the Allies were fighting a "Spiritual War."

What the Bible Says about It All

The whole philosophy of the Bible is a philosophy of Love, of Mutual Aid, of Brotherhood, of "Help One Another," of "One for all and all for one." Even the Old Testament, while it speaks

of wars and heroes and strong men and gives physical strength its proper place yet it never strikes a false note on the fundamental principle of the fact that "Those Who Love Survive."

In the 11th chapter of Hosea Jehovah says: "I drew them with the cords of a man, with bands of love." He did not draw them with iron chains and steel bands. He did not conquer them with clubs and guns. He drew them with "Bands of Love."

In John 13:35 Jesus takes opportunity to set the whole philosophy of the meaning of his church in one short sentence, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

And in Hebrews 13: 1-2, Paul makes it clear that the whole philosophy of the Christian religion as he sees it is that of Mutual Aid to the "Brethren" and not only to the "Brethren" but to "Strangers" also, which includes the world. He puts it this way in these two verses: "Let brotherly love continue," and then: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

And then that wonderfully tender last word and last commandment, "This one commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another." And the die is set. This settles it. As far as the Christian is concerned there is no other way. In

that last word Christ set the mold forever. He set that mold in material as eternal as the ages and in that mold shall every Christian be made. I have watched some of our own men in the factories of our city making the drawings for the molds. I have seen them make the wooden framework for these molds. I have then seen them in the foundries cast the molds for the patterns. These molds are cast in iron. So the mold of Christianity was cast in iron that will never rust through the centuries. It was cast in tenderness and tears. It was warm and hot with passionate love when it was cast. Christ suffered in its casting. He knew the need of the world. He desired that when he left there should be no misunderstanding about his meaning. Therefore he cast his philosophy into these words intending that they should mean the Christianity of the future, "That ye love one another." Paul accepted that mold as we have seen. Jesus modeled it, as we have seen, on the Father's precepts spoken from time to time throughout the Old Testament, especially that word in Hosea which we have quoted. Some so-called Christians since then all through the centuries have tried to cast the Christianity of their hearts into a different mold from that which Christ set. Some nations have tried to do the same. The World War was the result of that tendency in the world. And that tend-

ency is expressed in the phrase, "The survival of the fittest."

The Scientific Theory of the "Survival of Fittest" over Against "the Mutual Aid" in the World

If the philosophy of "Mutual Aid" had been dominant in the world instead of that of "The Survival of the Fittest" this World War would never have come.

In this particular section of my sermon I am to quote entirely from P. Kropotkin, a Russian writer and his new book, "Mutual Aid" and from "Social Progress and the Darwinian Theory" by George Nasmyth. The intention of both of these books is to give a new interpretation of the Darwinian theory of "The Survival of the Fittest." Both writers prove to any thoughtful man's contentment that Darwin himself never intended that his writings should be interpreted in this cold materialistic, un-Christian manner by the world. The explanation they give for this false interpretation is that his books first fell into the hands of some German materialists, who were eager to bolster up their philosophy of "The Will to Power" and seized on one feature of the Darwinian theory and forgot the rest. Darwin himself acknowledged Christ as his leader and his guide and said in a pathetic interview towards his death, "I am beginning to despair

of ever making the majority understand my notions—I fear I must be a bad explainer."

The German nation stole Darwin's thought and twisted it into a defense of war. Nietzsche puts it frankly and brutally:

"Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace better than the long."

Again: "I do not advise you to work, but to fight. I do not advise you to conclude peace but to conquer. Let your work be a fight, your peace be a victory!"

Again: "Ye say a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you; a good war halloweth every cause."

Then later Marshall von Moltke wrote:

"Perpetual peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. War is an element of the order of the world established by God. The most noble virtues of men are developed in it. Without war the world would stagnate and lose itself in materialism."

The German militarists distorting Darwin said: "Nature sets her children to compete; let the State set its citizens to do the same; Nature recognizes the strongest species as the right species; let the human world recognize the strongest nation as the right nation."

The trouble with all of this interpretation of Darwin was that it is a lie. It is a world-lie

and it was particularly a German-nation lie: and a German University lie. Nasymth says "in 'The Origin of Species' Darwin did not apply his theory to human relationships, but confined himself to the field of biology."

And even in the biological world Kropotkin says that Darwin did not intend to convey the meaning that this "Survival of the Fittest" was all there was to it. He says, "This was a one-sided, distorted misreading of the biological struggle and a misconception of the primitive life of man."

I need not pause here to tell you what this "Survival of the Fittest" means. I need not tell you that it kills off the weak and leaves only the strong to live. I need not tell you that the German interpretation of Darwin's thought is that even among men as among animals in the reign of terrorism the survival of the fittest prevails; that the strong always kills the weak, instead of helping the weak.

Not only is it that the whole emphasis on Darwin's theory from "The Origin of the Species" is misstated but it is not even half of the truth and Darwin himself admits that even in the animal world Mutual Aid is as strong an instinct as destruction of the weak.

Kropotkin's book "Mutual Aid" starts out with a chapter on "Mutual Aid among Animals"

and he marshalls an entire mountain range of facts to support this statement. Even among animals there is a constant effort to help each other and to aid the weak instead of killing the weak.

He cites the playing prairie dogs, and animals like them all over the world; how they play together, have their social life and help each other in striking fashion. He cites the Beaver which live together for three and four generations without killing each other but on the other hand in time of need whole villages turn to help each other. He tells of how the wild horses of the Siberian Heights live together and fight for each other and when their food gets scarce migrate in numbers as high as 10,000. He cites the great herds of American buffaloes which lived together and traveled together and fought together in social happiness on our western plains before they became extinct. He cites the chakars, a bird that assembles in thousands on the marshes and sings in a great chorus. One writer had witnessed what he described in this fashion: "About nine o'clock one evening suddenly the entire plain of chakars covering the marshes for miles around burst forth in a tremendous evening song. It was a concert well worth riding hundreds of miles to hear. These birds rarely quarrel."

He tells of the blind Pelican which he saw

coming across a plain which was cared for and fed by other Pelicans; fed with fishes which had to be brought for a distance of thirty miles. One naturalist in Peru saw a herd of vicunas in hot retreat with the stronger males of the herd staying behind to protect the weaker.

The conclusion of this chapter is that in the animal world the great motto is, "Don't compete! competition is always injurious to the species, and you have plenty of resources to avoid it. That is the tendency of Nature, not always realized in full, but always present. If it becomes necessary to compete such animals as Beavers will migrate; or they will resort to new kinds of food—or do most anything but starve off their kind or kill them or hurt them. Don't compete! That is the watchword that comes to us from stream, and bush, forest, river and ocean. Therefore combine—practice 'Mutual Aid.'"

Mutual Aid among Savages

Just as among the animals, so among savages, Mutual Aid is the watchword of life as it goes swinging into its higher spheres. It is this and not the survival of the fittest theory that brings the best to the top.

In this chapter the author calls attention to the nearest type of extinct savage, the Bushman. When the Europeans came to Australia, they

found that these savages hunted in clans and lived in tribes; that they federated together; that they hunted in common and seldom quarreled; that they divided their game and never deserted a wounded brother. One touching story is told of one Bushman who was nearly drowned and of how the others took off their furs to keep him alive and shivered themselves.

He cites the illustration from Darwin of how among the Hottentots, when a man gets anything he at once divides it among all present—a habit which struck Darwin among the Fuegians also. This is not only Hottentot manners but it is all but a universal custom among savages the world over.

Among the Esquimaux it is the custom that when a man gets rich he calls the members of his clan to a great festival and divides his wealth among them.

One striking illustration of this theory of Mutual Aid and assistance among savages is that of the Aleutes. He says, "Up to 1840 one murder had only been committed in a whole century in a population of 60,000 people and that among 1,800 of these savages not a single common law offense had been known for 40 years. This will not seem strange when we know that scolding, quarreling, snarling, or the use of rough words is absolutely unknown in this people. Even the

children do not fight and abuse each other. All they may say is, 'Your mother does not know sewing,' or 'Your father is blind in one eye.' "

In the chapter on "Mutual Aid among Barbarians" the author finds such rules as these, "To be gentle and generous to friends and kinsmen; to utter nothing against any man that he would not dare to tell him to his face; to turn no man from his door who sought food or shelter, even though he were a foe; that among neighbors the cow and the milking jar are in common; that the cow must be milked for yourself and him who may ask for milk; that the body of a child reddens with the stroke, but the face of him who strikes reddens with shame, and so on."

In the steppes of Russia if a family has lost its cattle the richer families give it some cows and horses that the poorer family may recover. When the present Russians conquered the Barbarians that occupied Northern Russia they gave them the name of the "Brotherly Ones" because they shared everything in common.

Among the Russian peasants the custom still survives that when a sheep or a cow is killed the sick and the pregnant have the first choice. An announcer goes through the village telling of the killing so that the weak may come. Does this barbarian custom sound anything like "The Will to Power," or "The Survival of the Fittest" or

"Might Makes Right," or "Kill off the Weak?" No, it sounds like Christ.

In the chapter on "Mutual Aid in the Mediæval City" the one outstanding illustration is that taken from a Danish guild and these were the social laws under which they lived. "If a brother's house is burned, or he has lost his ship, all the brethren must come to his aid. If a brother falls dangerously ill, two brothers must watch by his bedside till he is out of danger. If he dies the brethren must follow him to his grave and provide for his wife and children afterwards. They had a common meal together at regular intervals to signify that everything was held in common.

But What of Today?

The world may not seem to have much of the spirit of Christ in it today, this awful day with the war seven years past, when half of the whole world is at the throats of the other half, but we know that the principles of Mutual Aid, which is only another word for Christ-aid are still dominant in the world.

The war came simply because, as Sherwood Eddy says, "The world was leaving God out of his own world"; and we add here that the war came because men had forgotten the principle of helping each other, the principle of "Mutual

Aid" and had taken to the principle of "The Survival of the Fittest," or "The Will to Power" or "Might Makes Right" or "The Superman"; in a word to the rankest, rottenest, scummiest, crudest kind of materialism.

In the industrial world we see illustrations of this spirit of Mutual Aid. The Unions are founded on this principle. I know that unionism is much distorted and that the ideals of unionism are sadly represented by some types of union men but the principle is a Christian principle; that of Mutual Aid.

We see illustrations of it in individual lives everywhere. There is the constant illustration of the life-saving crews. One description is given in the book I am discussing here. There was a storm. Six men and a boy were clinging to a wreck. Those on shore stood helplessly watching those drowning men through the snowstorm for two hours. Then they could stand it no longer, and although they knew it was a fool's work to attempt it, they launched a boat in the breakers. It capsized at once. Two of their men were drowned. They set the boat right again. It capsized again. Just one man lived to tell the tale of that rescue party but they had died trying to save others; they had died trying to aid those poor shipwrecked brothers although they did not even know who they were.

Then there is the story of the mine explosion in Pennsylvania. The rescue party had pierced through thirty yards of coal in order to reach their entombed comrades, but when only three yards more remained to be pierced, they were caught in the deadly fumes of poison gases. They retreated, but the rapping of the entombed miners caught at their hearts. It meant almost certain death for this rescue party to go back into that gas, but they went. And not only were they willing to go, but their own wives, standing near, had not one word to say against their going. This was the Christ spirit; this was Mutual Aid.

The author of "Mutual Aid" implies that he believes that this spirit is well illustrated in the Church; but I as a preacher in the Christian Church have not found it so to the marked extent that it ought to be so. I wish that it were so. I wish that we could all catch this vision of all that Christ meant his Church to be; that we had learned instead of knocking down, and criticising, or ostracising a weaker brother or sister the great principle of mutual aid.

The allied nations learned the story of Mutual Aid. We learned that we could not fight the great battles of Democracy and Brotherhood without helping each other do it. And more and more France learned, and England learned, that

they needed us to help them; and we needed them to help us. We were driven back to this principle. And some day the whole world will learn it too; learn that German must help English; French must help Russian; Russian must help Japanese; and all must help each other. What a world it will be when we all catch that vision instead of that other vision of the Survival of the Fittest and the Will to Power. What a world of peace and happiness it will be when we all live to help each other instead of to hurt each other; to be kind to each other instead of to kill each other; to lift each other up instead of crushing each other down, to love each other instead of trying to lynch each other?

One story in "The Cross at the Front" illustrates what the war did for this principle in human hearts:

It is in the chapter on "Courage and the Curtain." It was after a terrific battle. The shells were thick even yet. The Germans were throwing a curtain of fire into No Man's Land. It was a steady stream. Nobody knew what they were up to. But there were hundreds of wounded English and Canadian boys out there in No Man's Land. A doctor called for some stretcher bearers to go out. It seemed like certain death. Two stretcher bearers fainted at the thought of having to go. Then one soldier volunteered. He went

out with the surgeon. He picked a man up, turned him over and found that it was his own brother.

And so when we learn this great spirit of mutual aid we will find that after all we are all brothers and when we help each other we are simply helping our brothers.

Edith Cavell said as she went to her execution, "I see now that patriotism is not enough. I must die without hatred or bitterness toward anyone."

One story that illustrates this is that which appeared in "The World at War." Here it is:

"The attack had failed. There was never any hope of its succeeding for the machine guns of the Germans were still in full play, with their fire unimpaired. The body had to lie where it had fallen. Only, his brother could not endure to let it lie unhonored. He found some shattered Somersets, who begged him to go no further. But he heard a voice within him bidding him risk it, and the call of the blood drove him on. Creeping out of the far end of the trench, as dusk fell, he crawled through the grass on his hands and knees, in spite of shells and snipers, dropping flat on the ground as the flares shot up from the German trenches. At last he found what he sought. He could stroke with his hand the fair young head that he knew so well; he could feel for the pocketbook, and prayer-book,

the badge and the whistle. He could breathe a prayer of benediction and then crawl back on his perilous way in the night."

And we who have fair-haired brothers; and we who have dark-haired brothers, and we who have known what brother love means in our own homes know all the sense of love that throbbed in that boy's heart. We know how he felt as he stroked his brother's head, and our hearts ache with sympathy at the same time that they throb with exaltation at the thought of what the world will learn and what it will be when we all get to that place where Brother Love prevails among all mankind.

Further Eddy quotes from Professor Gilbert Murray of Oxford: "As for me personally, there is one thought that is always with me, the thought that other men are dying for me, better men, younger men, with more hope in their lives, many of whom I have taught and loved. The orthodox Christian will be familiar with the thought of One who loved you dying for you. I would like to say that now I seem to be familiar with the feeling that something innocent, something great, something that loved me, is dying, and is daily dying for me. That is the sort of community we are now—a community in which one man dies for his brother."

As I was writing this sermon a friend was in my office and told me that he himself has seen with his own eyes many times three different kinds of birds in our own woods gathered together in mutual aid to fight off an angry crow that was the common enemy of all. And so it was that in a great spirit of Mutual Aid the different nations of the world that we call the Allies banded themselves together in the great spirit of Mutual Aid to fight the maruading Crow of the Nations and to protect their young and their females and their home nests against this murderous beak of hate.

But to go back to Christ: He summed it all up in that last new commandment, "That ye love one another." And Paul caught the idea of it all when he said, "Love one another" in his own way which was, "Let love of the brethren continue. Forget not to show love to strangers." And even as far back as Hosea the idea had been caught that the meaning of goodness and of God and Truth and the Christ idea was "I drew them with bands of love."

Ah Noyes you put it well for us all; you caught the whole spirit of the Christ; you caught the spirit of force as opposed to love; the spirit of mutual help even in war as opposed to mutual hate and hurt and hindrance. You knew the secret, Christ's secret:

"But one thing is needful; and ye shall be true;
To yourselves and the goal and the God that ye seek;
Yea, the day and the night shall requite it of you
If ye love one another, if your love be not weak."

One of the most dramatic and striking illustrations of the principle of "Mutual Aid" I have ever personally witnessed was among the Negritos, that wild tribe in the Philippines:

We were traveling the jungle trail to visit a tribe of naked Negritos. These are diminutive people who look like American negroes only they are much smaller; much more underfed, and who live in trees very much like the Orangutans of Borneo. They eat roots and nuts. They hunt with bows and arrows.

They are the lowest tribe in mentality on the islands.

It was a terribly hot, tropical day and I had a sunstroke on the way up the mountainside to this Negrito village.

I did not expect to get back alive.

For three solid hours under a killing tropical sun, without the proper cork helmet and protection, a pile driver kept hammering down on my head. I felt it at every step I took. Finally I dropped unconscious on the trail. After several

hours I was able to proceed to the top of the mountain, where the Negritos were camped.

We got there about two o'clock and had lunch. As we ate about fifty Negritos swarmed about us.

They were a horrible looking crowd; stark naked, filthy with dirt, starved to skin and bones; and animal-like in every look and move.

I was so sick that I was not able to eat the lunch which had been provided in baskets. I lay on my back trying to get back my strength.

As the rest of the expedition ate, the Negritos, with hungry eyes, crowded closer.

One hideous old man was in the forefront of the natives. He was so hideous looking that he was sickeningly repulsive to me as I looked at him crouched as he was like an animal with a streak of sunlight playing on his face.

This streak of sunlight, with ruthless severity, made the ugly scabs of dirt stand out on his old wrinkled face. That face had not felt the touch of water in years. His whole body was covered with dirt and sores. Wherever the sunlight struck on that black body it revealed scales like those on a mangy dog. His body was also covered with gray hairs matted into the dirt.

"That old codger represents the nearest thing to an animal that the human being can reach," said McLaughlin, one of the oldest missionaries on the island.

"You're right!" I said. "He looks as much like a Borneo Orangutan as any human being I ever saw."

"And he lives like one, too; up in a tree in a nest of matted limbs and grass," said another.

"I've traveled among the wild tribes of the world all my life and I have seen the lowest human beings on earth; in Africa, South America, Malaysia, Borneo, Java, Australia—everywhere," said a widely traveled man in the crowd, "and I never saw a type as low in the scale as that old fellow!"

So we discussed him as the lunch proceeded. He did not know, of course, that we had consigned him to the lowest rung on the ladder of humanity, so he just sat looking at us with his animal-like eyes as we ate; and at me as I lay under a tree trying to recover my strength for the trip back.

"He is not a human being!" added a philosopher in the crowd. "He is lower than that stage. He doesn't seem to have a single spark of humanity left in him!"

Then the meal was over; the missionaries started to hand out what was left of the food to these starving Negritos. The old man whom we had decided was the lowest type of human being on earth seemed, after all, to be the leader of the tribe; no doubt because of his age; perhaps be-

cause of something else which we were later to discover.

McLaughlin handed out a sandwich to the old man.

"Did he eat it himself?"

"He did not! He handed it to a child near by."

McLaughlin handed out another sandwich which was left.

"Did the old man, whom we had decided was more of an animal than a human being, eat that one?"

"He did not. He took it over behind a tree where another old man was timidly hiding and gave it to him."

McLaughlin handed out another sandwich.

"Did the old man eat that one?"

"He did not. He took it over and gave it to an old woman near by."

And so it continued, until every last piece of food was disposed of. That old man, whom we had decided was an animal, saw to it, that every man, woman and child in that crowd was fed before he took a single bite himself.

Then he suddenly disappeared. In half an hour he came back with an armful of great, broad, palm leaves. He spread these out on the ground in the shade of a tree, did this old man, this hideous looking monster; and then motioned for

me to lie down on the bed he had made for me. He saw that I was sick.

Then he disappeared once again, and when he returned he was carrying a long Bamboo-tube full of clear, cool water which he had gotten from a mountain spring. He brought it to where I was lying on the bed he had made for me and with this water he cooled my fevered, burning head; and from this water he gave me to drink; he whom we had decided was the lowest type of human being on earth.

And I am writing here to say that I have never seen a "cup of cold water given in His name" that was given with a higher, or a deeper sense of the Divine spark of God in humanity than I saw that tropical summer afternoon, and this water was given by the naked Negrito whom we had decided was the lowest human being on the earth. Yet even in this animal-man; even in this naked savage; there was a spark of the Divine that made us forever have a deeper and a more abiding faith that God never did and never shall make a man to live on this old earth that He did not have some purpose in making him.

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